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THE TRIUMPH AND THE VICTIM.

IT would be unwise to calculate upon any very startling or very profitable discoveries among the papers of the person who committed suicide at Madrid; and there are probably few people who have such an abundance of pity in their nature that they can afford to put much at the disposal of the memory of Mr. PIGOTT. Whatever may be the exact truth on the subject of the letters, successive chaffings with the opposite parties and successive statements (such as that incredible one about Mr. LABOUCHERE's reasons for admitting PIGOTT to his society) must have ruined any credit that the man ever had with reasonable minds. It is very much to be regretted, no doubt, that the extraordinary slackness of Mr. PARNELL's solicitors allowed him to escape further cross-examination. But even that, with a person equally ingenious in inventing and feeble in adhering to his inventions, might not have supplied any definite or trustworthy testimony. Probably, or at least possibly, the whole history of the letters will never be known, and they will provide for the busy idleness of the future a fresh alternative to the Man in the Iron Mask, the guilt of Queen MARY, and the identity of JUNIUS. At present there is absolutely nothing to go upon except the inability of PIGOTT to maintain a consistent story in regard to them, and the sworn denial at last obtained from Mr. PARNELL and some of his fellows of having written or signed those attributed to them.

This last must, of course, have full value allowed it. But if any room were left for even mild amazement at the conduct of those Gladstonians who, after crying "Crucify!" to Mr. PARNELL for years, now reverse the original reversal and yell "Hosanna!" it would be in reference to their estimate of this value. Mr. PARNELL's worst enemies have never denied him the possession of very unusual ability; and it is difficult to decide whether in his heart of hearts he feels most scorn for the adulation of men like Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, or most contempt for those who assert that his oath established his absolute innocence. Not to put this construction on the evidence of "the future Premier [why not President?] of Ireland" is, we are told from different quarters, dishonest, is equivalent to accusing Mr. PARNELL of perjury, and so forth. It is difficult to frame any system of logic made easy which may fit the wits of these astonishing people. Let us only observe that the theory of jurisprudence indicated by their contention would, if carried into practice, have at least one merit. It would at once, and without further ado, effect that simplification of legal process, and that abridging of long and expensive trials, which law-reformers have so much at heart. There would be nothing to do in each case but to summon the defendant or prisoner, as the case might be, to put to him on oath the question "Are you guilty or 'not guilty?'" and to enter a verdict at once in the terms of his answer. A modern SWIFT might, indeed, urge objections countervailing this advantage. The system would strike not merely at the prospects, but at the present resources, of two large and deserving bodies of men. It would hardly be necessary after its adoption for any one to weigh the advantages of the Bar as a profession. Even the judges (who would, by the way, starve during their novitiate) would probably soon be disestablished by an economical democracy on the just ground that five thousand a year is too much to pay to some one who is merely to take a plea and enter a verdict. Solicitors might survive for a little as makers of wills and drawers of leases; but, as the reformed procedure would make it impossible to punish a defrauding executor or a tenant who broke covenant, even this occupation would soon be gone. The Palace of Justice could be devoted to the meetings of the unemployed, and the Inns of

Court might become the abodes of fashion and leisure. But we must not follow the dazzling prospect too far. To return to the light of commoner day, does not this contention of his advocates make Mr. PARNELL's delay to resort to this easy, this conclusive method of purging, a more wonderful thing than ever? He had only, say his friends, to go into the box, and *cadit questio*. How strange, how increasingly strange, that they should not have advised that method before!

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

THE inaugural Address of the newly-installed President of the UNITED STATES is, perhaps, a little more florid and grandiloquent than is usual on an occasion when Presidential oratory is expected to "spread itself a little"; but it is not otherwise remarkable among compositions of the kind. An incoming American President has to touch upon a variety of topics, of which some are congenial to his opinions and those of his party, and can be discussed with more or less zest and freedom; while on others he is bound, or at any rate usually finds it prudent, to confine himself to the conventionally proper thing to say. Any one who will compare President HARRISON's utterances on Protection and on Southern manufacturing industry with his remarks on administrative reform and the reduction of the Treasury surplus will have little difficulty in discerning which of these two sets of subjects he has his heart in. His references, indeed, to the last-mentioned question are particularly colourless and vague. If President HARRISON is "sure that it is quite possible to effect the necessary reduction of surplus without breaking down our protective tariff or seriously 'injuring any domestic industry,'" his confidence is shared, we imagine, by mighty few of his countrymen, to whatever political party they may belong. Mr. CLEVELAND's comparatively modest proposals for reducing the surplus were received—to some extent, no doubt, disingenuously and on party grounds—as amounting to an absolute abandonment of the Protectionist policy; and it stands, indeed, to reason that, if reduction were as easy a matter as Mr. CLEVELAND's successor so lightheartedly assumes, American financiers would have eagerly seized upon so ready a means of distinguishing themselves as this.

To the PRESIDENT's theory of the causes which made Protection "sectional" no very high interest attaches. His suggestion that the Free-trade leanings of the Southern States were due to the existence of slavery is in one sense, of course, a truism. Slavery, that is to say, made the Southern States producers of raw material, and producers of raw material who are not also manufacturers have obviously no interest in Protection, and may have considerable interest in Free-trade. But, when General HARRISON goes so far as to argue that "otherwise"—that is to say, but for slavery—"there would have been no reason why 'the cotton States should not have led or walked abreast' of New England in the production of cotton fabrics," he seems to us to go considerably beyond his brief. It does not by any means follow that, because the sudden and violent abolition of slavery after a devastating war has driven the Southern States upon manufacture and mining enterprise, they would have started on equal terms with the North in this matter if the "domestic institution" had never existed at all. Of more significance to Englishmen, at any rate, are the PRESIDENT's remarks upon the internal condition of the South—especially those which we may fairly apply on the *de te fabula* principle to that America which sympathizes with a certain anarchic party among ourselves. "The 'community,'" says he, "that by concert, open or secret, 'among its citizens denies to a portion of its members

"their plain rights under the law has severed the only safe bond of social order and prosperity. The evil works from a bad centre both ways. It demoralizes those who practise it, and destroys the faith of those who suffer from the inefficiency of the law as a safe protector." And again:—"As a citizen may not elect what laws he will obey, neither may the Executive elect which it will enforce." And once more:—"A community where law is the rule of conduct, and where Courts and not mobs execute its penalties, is the only attractive field for business investments and honest labour." It is true that these observations are aimed at the white inhabitants of the Southern States, and have reference to their dealings with the coloured population; but the advice applies just as well to the relations subsisting in Ireland between boycotter and boycotted, between the agitator and his victims and dupes, between the promoters of the Plan of Campaign and the tenants and landlords whom respectively they intimidate and despoil. And though even as given by the PRESIDENT to his own fellow-citizens the advice is excellent, we cannot refrain from reminding General HARRISON that he belongs to a class of American politicians who are in the habit of ostentatiously exhibiting their sympathy with Irishmen who set, and who boast of setting, his wholesome counsels contemptuously at defiance. "See the hangman when it comes home to him," as Mr. DENNIS's critical friend remarks, with immortal pertinency to all sorts of subjects, in *Barnaby Rudge*. The encouragement of lawlessness and social tyranny does not seem half so attractive to statesmen when they come to look at it within their own borders as it does when it only means making mischief and trouble for a friend and neighbour in order to curry favours with an alien element in their own population.

CHEAP AND EASY HOMICIDE.

THE acquittal of HENRY HALLIDAY at the Central Criminal Court last Wednesday points the moral of his case much better than his conviction would have pointed it. HALLIDAY was indicted for the wilful murder of LOUISA CONNORTON, and if he had been guilty there would only have been one crime of violence the more. Cool and calculated murder has never yet been made impossible by any law. But the jury found that HALLIDAY had committed neither murder nor manslaughter, and that Mrs. CONNORTON was accidentally shot. This is the serious part of the matter, for it shows the danger which every one incurs through the unchecked and indiscriminate practice of carrying firearms. The poor woman, a servant of the Constitutional Club, was mortally wounded in Northumberland Avenue on her way home after her day's work. Here is HALLIDAY's own account, and there can be no reason for doubting its truth. "I shot the woman, but it was an accident, for I was only examining the revolver, which was given to me by a friend, when the hammer slipped out of my hand." He added to the constable who arrested him, "Take care, five other chambers are loaded." Counsel for the prosecution contended, not without plausible grounds, that such conduct amounted to culpable negligence, and, therefore, in the event of death being caused, to manslaughter. Mr. Justice MATHEW, however, ruled otherwise, and his ruling strengthens the argument for an immediate alteration of the law. Only the day before HALLIDAY's trial, a story was told at the Mansion House Police Court which enforces the same lesson, and, if possible, in a still stronger manner. It appeared in evidence on that occasion that two lads of seventeen had been drinking together at a tavern in Fleet Street, when a revolver went off in the pocket of one of them, and the shot passed through the left foot of the other. Here, again, there was nothing to show malicious intent or deliberate action of any kind. It was "only an accident," and the owner of the revolver, who made the scarcely credible statement that he had bought it for sixpence, was discharged. Of course Alderman EVANS, like Mr. Justice MATHEW, "denounced" the promiscuous use of firearms, and the Alderman dwelt especially upon the perilous opportunities placed by the laxity of the law in the hands of "a mere boy." The public have become accustomed to reading remarks of this kind, and to observing that no practical issues ever follow them.

At the close of last week, and before either of the two trials to which we have referred, a private member of the House of Lords vainly endeavoured to stimulate in this respect the flagging energies of HER MAJESTY'S Govern-

ment. There is nothing in the argumentative portion of Lord MILLTOWN's speech which has not been repeatedly urged in these columns. But it is necessary to peg away until Mr. MATTHEWS will awake out of his sleep, and Lord MILLTOWN was able to cite some striking instances which had occurred during the Parliamentary recess. He might have cited more. There is the Muswell Hill burglary, where Mr. GEORGE ATKIN was so nearly killed. There is the case of the American, now in custody, who "emptied" his revolver in a public thoroughfare, causing the death of one man and the serious injury of another. There is the Irish witness before the Special Commission who shot at another Irish witness before the Special Commission, and almost miraculously avoided hitting either him or anybody else. Every one, in fact, seems to carry a revolver except the police and respectable people of mature age. Lord MILLTOWN suggests, as we have often suggested before, that the sale of firearms should be regulated like the sale of poisons, and that armed burglars should be liable to corporal punishment. Judges do, no doubt, take into consideration the fact of a burglar being armed when they pass sentence upon him. But a definite, painful, and ignominious penalty would have a far more deterring effect upon ruffians of this class, whose finer feelings can only be reached through their skins. Lord FITZGERALD, whose experience of the criminal law is almost unique in extent and variety, added the important proposal that the precedent of the Explosives Act should be followed, and that the burden of proof should rest upon any one carrying a deadly weapon to show the lawfulness of his purpose. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the Government, except vague intimations that something or other might be done before the coming of the Coaquigues. There is no representative of the Home Office in the House of Lords, and Lord BROWNLOW, as Secretary to the Board of Trade, may be excused for not knowing much about the subject. His recommendation that the duty of ten shillings should be more generally collected, or the fine of ten pounds more strictly enforced, might have been communicated with advantage to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. As a reply to Lord MILLTOWN it was conspicuously inadequate, not to say absolutely futile.

THE CROFTER DEBATE.

A SEPARATIST newspaper says, by way of comment on the Crofter portion of the debate on the Address last Monday, that "what has been justly described as 'another Ireland is being allowed to drift towards Revolution in the North.' We are glad to quote the phrase, because it is a good instance of the doubtless unintentional frankness of those Gladstonians who are only duped, not dupers. The Crofter districts are 'another Ireland,' are they? If so, it is impossible to conceive a more guileless or a more damning admission of all that has been said as to the origins and history of the Irish agitation. That agitation itself is now of old date, of date sufficiently old to give a certain excuse to popular ignorance of its course. But the Crofter affair is of yesterday. Every step in it can be traced; every cause is patent; the whole clinical history of the disease lies before us. There is no pretence here of the mythical ancestors who received prairie soil as part owners, expended on it labour, "pounds," and so forth, and were rackrented on their own improvements; or, if there is any such pretence, it is limited to so few instances that probably Mr. CALDWELL or Dr. CLARK himself would hardly lay much stress on them. On one side there is the plain fact that numbers of persons are endeavouring to subsist on holdings that cannot support them—that could not support them if they paid no rent at all. On the other there is the equally plain fact of an entirely got-up agitation, stopping short in most cases (the Lewis deer-raids and others being exceptions) of Irish contempt of law and of peaceable methods, but clearly tending towards both. And as a middle term there is in evidence the growing belief of the tenants, pressed on one side by their wants and on the other by the insidious doctrines of the agitators, that, for some reason which they do not pause to think out, the State is bound to keep them and estate them in their holdings, to pay or reduce their rents, to stock their farms, to meet losses which they may have incurred, and, in short, to use a familiar term, to "see them through it." Surely it was unwise of Home Rulers to call attention to this Irish question in the brewing—this Irish question which their

own friends have brewed out of the simple and common economical difficulty of an industry which at a given place, in given circumstances, and in given hands, does not pay?

It would be really interesting to see what, if the mischievous proposals of the member for Caithness were carried out, and if Professor RAY LANKESTER were gratified by seeing Home Rule not merely for Ireland, but for Scotland, Wales (and, we suppose, the Chiltern Hundreds and the Deanery of Bocking), the new Home Rule Government of Scotland would do with this question. The on this one occasion unimpeachable authority of Dr. CLARK tells us that the Crofters do not or do not so much complain that they are over-rented as that they have not got enough land. He and his friends are quite sure that, if the deer forests were given to them, there would be a new Arcadia in the Highlands and Islands. Now people who know Scotland—let us say, not much less well than Dr. CLARK—most vehemently deny this. But let us, for the sake of argument only, grant that some sort of agrarian law might be devised by which the existing Crofters could be seated every man in a number of acres nominally sufficient for him and for his family. Where is the money to come from, in the first place, for stocking these new holdings, and for performing the, in the case of many parts of the country, enormous task and expense of *défrichement*? It is well known that land of deer-forest quality has been actually induced to bear heavy crops by some enterprising Scotch landlords. It is at least as well known that the returns have barely paid interest on the outlay, and that that outlay has been such as even the most thrifty Crofter could not think of facing. Even the lesser expense of stocking, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN tells us (and for a wonder Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not been on this occasion accused of story-telling, is far beyond the people's means, and they have a dim idea that Government must do it for them. Does even Mr. CALDWELL or Dr. CLARK seriously think that the earnings of London clerks and Edinburgh shopkeepers ought to be taxed to set up the men of Lewis and Skye as competitors with America and other places in the most risky of all possible businesses? Perhaps one or both of these honourable gentlemen will have the pluck to answer in the affirmative. Good; we will follow him, as LUCRETIVS says. What is to be done when the ever-increasing Crofter population increases yet further; when a certain proportion (some pessimist persons would say when all or most) of the stocked and estated tenants have failed; when, in short, the inevitable accidents of business come upon the people? Are London and Edinburgh to make fresh contributions that the sacred Crofter may not be moved from his sacred hearthstone? If not, where is the wisdom, not to say the justice, of beginning the process at all?

Some of the Opposition speakers, and even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to some extent, had rather more limited and more reasonable proposals. The Crofter advocates themselves, like the Irish advocates, will have nothing to say to emigration. But they want more harbours, more railways, more posts, and all sorts of vague things, such as the "development of industry." Now, against emigration we have not a word to say. It is undoubtedly the remedy, and the sole remedy, for congested population. We feel to the very fullest degree the objection—not to be dismissed as merely "sentimental"—that it is a bad thing for a country to try to get rid of her most promising sons. We wish the British army and the British navy could take the whole surplus population of the Highlands and Islands. But, if one thing is proved more clearly than another about these Crofters, it is that, as a rule, and in their own country, their condition is very nearly hopeless. You cannot develop what does not exist; and industry in any sense hardly exists in the Scottish Highlands and Islands. This is not the accusation of ungrateful and superior persons sitting at ease in Zion; it is a simple observed fact. Highlanders and Islanders will always, if let alone, prefer to subsist by agriculture or fishing, or a combination of both, in a manner just above starvation, and a great deal below comfort and decency. They will increase and multiply to their and anybody else's heart's content; but they will neither deny themselves, nor save, nor work hard. Without even the present very mild and ineffectual checks on this kind of existence it is fearful to think what would have become of the Islands; it is more fearful to think what would become of them, and the Highlands too, if Dr. CLARK's panacea of giving the deer forests to the Crofters, if their own pet notion of the State stocking their holdings, were carried out. As for the minor

devices, money might certainly be spent on them, but whether any result would follow is quite a different question. The building of a pier will not make men who already allow others to carry off the sea-harvest under their noses become suddenly fearless and indefatigable fishermen. The provision of railways will not make a Dutch or French cultivator out of the man who lounges about at present trusting to potatoes and herrings to see him and his family somehow through the year, and to cattle and ponies that tumble into existence somehow to pay the rent. Somebody in the debate of Monday suggested surveying the fishing banks. We are sadly afraid that CHARLES LAMB would have asked to feel the head of that honourable gentleman. A fisherman of any energy does not want banks surveyed; he goes and fishes till he finds them, and then he fishes (too often) till he has fished them bare. Of this latter crime the fisher of the Hebrid Isles may at least be acquitted; it would be fortunate if the peculiarities which make him guiltless of it did not also make him extremely indifferent to the most beautiful charts of banks. Although it might be unfair to insist too much on it, the very demand of the inhabitants for "stock" indicates to a certain extent their besetting sin. The breeding of animals is a most praiseworthy pursuit, and requires, in order to pursue it in perfection, much skill, judgment, and pains. But, in a certain happy-go-lucky way, it requires the least exertion of almost any employment connected with land. Yet, again, it is of all others the most precarious. The actual cultivator, if the worst comes to the worst, can eat his oats and his potatoes; the raiser of ponies or "stirks" is at the mercy of the markets. Yet we need hardly pursue matters to this length. It is sufficient that the whole debate was pervaded by an old and hopeless vice—the notion that the State must undertake the business of making men succeed in business.

THE JOY OF BEING A THEOSOPHIST.

THE prophets of Theosophy have lately been bewailing the lukewarmness of most of their adherents; and indeed, upon a superficial view of the subject, there does not appear to be any very strong reason why any one who has in a moment of boredom or enthusiasm embraced Theosophy should be otherwise than lukewarm. It may be described as a religion with an extremely unattractive heaven and no hell. You begin by being a chela, and to be a chela is uncomfortable as well as degrading. In time you may attain to the glory of solitary residence in Thibet, varied chiefly by occasional excursions in actual form to some suburban drawing-room, where you hide a cigarette in the works of the clock for the edification of a few coarse-minded unbelievers, or otherwise comport yourself in a manner of which Mr. MASKELYNE would be ashamed. But, in order to reach this dizzy eminence of fatuity, you have to go through a long and painful course of doing nothing amusing and chastening yourself on every opportunity. On the other hand, Theosophy holds out no threat to sceptics or weak brethren, except that they will never, or not for a very long time, be able to become Mahatmas, go to Thibet, and live in their own stomachs. Therefore it may well be asked, Why should any one ever take the trouble to be a Theosophist?

Curiously enough it is precisely in the considerations just mentioned that the attractiveness of Theosophy consists. This will plainly appear to any one who takes the trouble to study an odd yellow book called *Problems of the Hidden Life*, and published, like so much else that is wise and good, by Mr. GEORGE REDWAY. It is said to consist of "Essays on the Ethics of Spiritual Life," and to be the work of "Pilgrim." It sets forth that there is a state of mind called "The Higher Carelessness," which is probably "the ultimate state realizable by man while still he bears the body"—which means, while he is still alive in the ordinary way. The main symptom of the Higher Carelessness is perfect indifference as to what happens, or whether anything happens or not. But no one can become More Highly Careless at will. A long course of probation, including chelaship, has to be gone through. It may be imagined that chelaship is not all beer and skittles when we mention that a practice recommended to persons about to become chelas is "fixing the mind on the main questions of existence the first thing in the morning." But this is child's play to what follows. Pretty soon the aspiring soul begins to suffer the most indescribable agonies. "Think not that thy road will be a pleasant

"one. . . it will lead thee through the torture-chamber, and when thou art led there, thou needest not to stir a finger, for all shall be done for thee, and thy soul shall endure scorching torture." The duration of these torments may be for years, and it may be for ever, and it is just as likely as not that in the course of them the victim may relapse into not wanting to be a chela, and then the gorgonzola will have been unchained all for nothing. If all goes well, it is so exquisitely unpleasant that "we curse all the powers of heaven and earth in our anger, with a concentrated bitterness of soul that only those who have experienced it can realize." This is the training which leads the favoured few to the Higher Carelessness.

When you are once More Highly Careless, you are quite careless, among other things, about what your inferior fellow-creatures do. "The evil Karma of the world must work itself out. The unclean man let him be unclean, still let him measure every depth of vice, and taste of every spring of passion, till the hour strikes for him also, and his painful upward progress has to begin." And, meanwhile, the More Highly Careless will not blame any one for anything, or in any way interfere with them. This, then, is the pleasure of being a Theosophist as it appeals to the really thoughtful mind. The virtuous and the impatient go into the torture-chamber and develop—those that do not relapse—into the Higher Carelessness. Meanwhile the easy-going and unprincipled have the highest old time imaginable. They measure every depth of vice. They taste of every spring of passion. The More Highly Careless look on without making any objection. The moderately wicked pursue their evil ways either until they want to be tortured for a change, or until they begin fixing their minds on the main questions of existence the first thing in the morning. This is the Theosophistic substitute for hell; and, when once it gets a firm hold on the popular mind, it ought to bring innumerable converts to the Blavatskian standard. Only those who attain the Higher Carelessness will probably be almost as select as they will be careless.

THE SERVIAN DIFFICULTY.

THE blow which has been so much dreaded by observers of Eastern politics has fallen at last. The ever-veering mind of King MILAN has at last made itself up to abdication, and the most ticklishly situated State in Europe has a sovereign of thirteen years old, an abdicated King and discredited general for Commander-in-chief, the Sovereign's divorced mother hovering about the country, a wildly Radical Constitution, a powerfully supported Pretender on the frontiers, and the most unscrupulous, if not the strongest, Power in the world, backed by a strong Servian party, waiting to take advantage of what may happen. To such a situation there is no bright side, except perhaps to those paradoxers who hold that the worst never happens when it seems probable. But it must be admitted even by these that the danger is very great. It is absolutely impossible for Austria to permit either anarchy or the establishment of a hostile Power on the south bank of the Danube. It is absolutely impossible for her to take measures with the strong hand to prevent either of these things without at the same time giving a plausible excuse to Russia for interference, either in the affairs of Servia or in the affairs of Bulgaria, or very likely in both. Once more, and more glaringly than ever, the insensate folly of permitting the establishment of these rickety little States in the Balkan Peninsula is forced upon eyes that apparently will not see. The fatal analogy of Greece (whose geographical isolation has been the sole and not always the sufficient security for her quiescence) was allowed to prevail; the sentimentalists and the historical pedants had their way; and this is what comes of it—not for the first, and assuredly not for the last, time.

The unanimity with which Austria as a Power and Count KALNOKY as a Minister are blamed for this untoward event is exceedingly human, and is perhaps not quite so ungenerous and unreasonable as most of such fault-findings. It has long been evident that Servia was getting out of King MILAN's hand, and proving too much for his nerve. His stroke of policy the other day was clever, but not of a quite reassuring cleverness. Indeed, ever since the Servian collapse in the war with Bulgaria (which it would have been perhaps wiser to prevent by force) he has been a partly unknown and an almost wholly

dangerous quantity. The only thing that can be said for the apparent apathy which has been shown by the Austrian Government towards matters so deeply concerning it is this. It is by no means certain—it is perhaps almost a certainty the other way—that any steps taken to anticipate such a disaster as has just happened, would not have precipitated the very same dangers which this disaster now threatens. Recalcitrance on King MILAN's part, or a strong popular effervescence in Servia, would have necessitated something like the occupation of Belgrade, and it is the occupation of Belgrade, or something like it, that men dread now as giving a handle to Russia. It is, however, exceedingly probable that the abdication, whatever immediate effect it may have in Servia itself, will stimulate those who desire Ministerial changes in Austria-Hungary. Count ALBERT APPONYI, the leader of the Hungarian Opposition, has distinguished himself almost as much by inveighing against the foreign policy of Count KALNOKY as by denouncing the home policy of M. TISZA. Nor can it be denied that the close connexion with Prince BISMARCK, which is Count KALNOKY's mainstay, at once irritates his enemies and gives them occasions. The PRINCE's repeated and ostentatious declarations of indifference to the Eastern Question naturally annoy Austrians and Hungarians, who know that to their own country the Eastern Question is vital or lethal. And it would be very difficult for Count KALNOKY to take a higher tone with Servia and yet not endanger either the understanding between Austria and Germany, or that other understanding which, even after the dissolution of the Dreikaiserbund, Prince BISMARCK as ostentatiously endeavours to keep up between Germany and Russia. Thus the situation is full of danger on every side.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN AT CAMBRIDGE.

EVEN the PIGOTT blunder has its compensations, and for the first time, perhaps, since the exposure, flight, and suicide of that typical Irish "conspirator," we have met with one of them. The case has given Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN something else to talk about besides the administration of "Lord SPENCER and I." It is, of course, not impossible that the former gaoler and present bosom friend of the Parnellite law-breakers might, in any case, have fought a little more shy of his favourite subject than he was wont to do. Mr. STANHOPE, in his lively speech on Mr. MORLEY's amendment, did something to laugh him out of it, and Mr. BALFOUR has given Sir GEORGE so many a bad quarter of an hour on the subject of the treatment of prisoners, and gave him so signally unhappy a one but a week ago in the debate to which we have referred, that Lord SPENCER's *alter ego* and his CHIEF SECRETARY's *Ego* without any *alter* may have made up his mind then and there to steer clear of the "martyrdom" question for the future. Even so, however, he must have been thankful for another topic to fall back upon, especially for one which lends itself so freely to abusive party rhetoric, and is comparatively so easy to discuss unfairly without exposing yourself to any definite charge of positive controversial dishonesty, as the PIGOTT case. Anyhow, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN gave the Cambridge Liberal Association very little about "Irish martyrs" last Wednesday night, and absolutely nothing about Lord SPENCER and I. The only martyr upon whom he touched (though there is a new one in the person of Father STEPHENS, who has just received a six months' sentence for inciting to nonpayment of rent) was the Martyr O'BRIEN—to whom, by the way, he inadvertently referred as "having been sent to the infirmary with his health broken." Now the state of Mr. O'BRIEN's health is a matter for the medical officer of the gaol in which he is confined, and we shall hazard no assertion about it one way or the other. But, since we are on the question of the health of political prisoners—a question on which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN seems to possess special information—we would remind him, with a view to judicious regulation of the bestowal of sympathies, of the heartrending case of the Martyr MORONEY. Not only was that martyr's health "broken," but his reason was tottering on its not very elevated throne, and insanity, if not death, was alleged to be hourly imminent when the Parnellites last year began to agitate for his release. The Martyr MORONEY was, as we all remember, liberated on the strength of this outcry, and thereupon, as will also be remembered, he placed—figuratively speaking—his martyred thumb to his patriotic nose, and, amidst the admiring plaudits of his fellow-countrymen,

spread out his persecuted fingers at the Government which had released him. We do not recollect whether Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN took part in the outcry above referred to; but we know that many of his party did; and, though it would, of course, be useless to ask them to be ashamed of themselves for having assisted mendacity to mislead justice, we may at least warn them that their views on the "broken health" of Irish political prisoners have lost considerably in authority by this exposure of the untrustworthy sources from which they derive them, and their lack of any foundation in fact. We shall not readily believe them, for instance, if we hear some time hence that Dr. TANNER, who has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, is "wasted to a shadow."

Upon the main subject of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's discourse it is unfortunately impossible for us—as it is for any one who retains any of that respect for judicial proceedings which Sir GEORGE and his Radical friends have long since sacrificed to their Irish alliance—to meet him as we could wish. There are certain observations which may already be made without impropriety with reference to the proceedings in progress before the Special Commission—observations partly in the nature of *amende* to Mr. PARNELL in respect and to the extent of his relief from certain grave charges included in the accusation against him and partly in the nature of adverse criticism upon the want of prudence and judgment displayed in this matter by his accusers. But every respectable Unionist journal in the kingdom has already gone as far as this; and when you have gone as far as this the limits of legitimate remark are reached. Naturally, however, it does not suit speakers like Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Mr. MUNDELLA, who has been speaking at Poplar, to confine their observations within such narrow bounds. They openly discuss the position of Mr. PARNELL and his associates before the Special Commission as though the Judges had already reported exonerating them in the fullest degree of all charges whatever. Nay more; they denounce the party opposed to them, and their legal advisers, as if Mr. Justice HANNE and his colleagues had not only acquitted the objects of the attacks of "Parnellism and Crime," but had condemned those attacks as frivolous and vexatious, and had even judicially censured the advisers of the attacking party for dereliction of professional duty. It is impossible to deal adequately with disputants so defiant of all the ancient decencies of political controversy in this country. We should as soon think of discussing this matter with Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN as of condescending to argue with the hysterical female Parnellite who is getting up a Committee to watch "the scandalous prosecution of Father 'McFADDEN for complicity in the murder of Inspector 'MARTIN"—or, in other words, the scandalous attempt on the part of the Government to sift to the bottom one of the most savage and cowardly crimes that have ever disgraced Ireland, or failed to awaken the faintest thrill of horror or pity in the gentle breasts of Gladstonian ladies. The only self-respecting method of dealing with such opponents is to ignore them.

TWO UNKNOWN QUANTITIES.

IT will turn out, we fancy, that recent revelations and occurrences have a much deeper and a much wider effect than is at first sight apparent. But, to go no further than the threshold of observation in this region of affairs, it is certain that the more important public men of all parties are watching each other just now with a new and a very keen interest. What the Parnellite leaders may do; whether Mr. GLADSTONE will venture at last on a more definite line of policy; how the Government may be affected, and more particularly whether its thoughts are turning, or being turned, to compromise; what may be expected of the Liberal-Unionists, or of this or that member of the party; questions like these are busy in the brain of every man who is, or has been, or hopes to be in office. Two men of mark are already believed, here and there, to have shown signs of movement from the positions they occupied up to the time when the present Session of Parliament began. One of these is Mr. PARNELL, the other Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. With Mr. PARNELL we do not concern ourselves just now, because the moderation he is said to have displayed in a recent speech does not seem to us so manifest or so significant as it seemed to the *Times*, to Mr. AIRD, and to other personages and powers. The right hand of fellowship which the Irish Chief is supposed to have extended, must be more obviously that before it can

be grasped with confidence. Perhaps we should have better evidence, moreover, that no shadow behind him has power to withdraw it; also, perhaps, it should be more assuredly proved free of contact with the hands of ruder politicians and less scrupulous moralists. In a little while the doubts that inspire hesitation may be dissipated like night-dew in the rays of morning; but meanwhile we must wait for the dawn of that bright day which shall reveal that for ten long years we have been dreaming malignant dreams of Mr. PARNELL's motives, conduct, and associations. It is not too soon, however, to question the later scintillations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's mind, as thrown off in one or two speeches of recent delivery, for any indication of change or reversion—any sign of independent movement. It would be a profitable inquiry if carried into all the topics he has lately touched upon, from the great Imperial question of Home Rule to others of equal consequence though they pass under the modest title of domestic reforms. This, however, would be a very broad inquest if all were included in it; and therefore we propose to do no more than to start the inquiry by some remarks on one of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's recent proposals—that which commends him to the Democracy as, after all, a true and a courageous Radical in matters relating to the ownership of land.

While Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was absent from England—if we remember aright—the Government continued the operation of the Ashbourne Act in Ireland. That done, most of us thought the matter settled for at least a year or two. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN returns, and then we find that amongst other plans that had been ripening in his mind is one for extending the Ashbourne Act to England. The agricultural interest is still suffering, he perceives. Relief from the rates is very well in its way, but it is inadequate. The true remedy, the only sufficing remedy, is to oust by orderly means the greater landlords, and to replace them by a multitude of little ones. To do this, all that is necessary is to find certain sums of money for those who really do long for the opportunities of proprietorship, and are therefore likely to turn them to good account. The State is doing this for Irish tenants, why not for English tenants? The English tenant-farmer may not be gifted with the bright light-mindedness of his compeer in the Sister Isle; but, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN intimates, the farmers of England are not fools, and they cannot be expected to withhold for any considerable period of time a demand for benefits like those they see bestowed on citizens (pardon for the word) not more worthy than themselves. As to security for moneys advanced by the State, it is not so sound in Ireland as might be wished, because in that country the debt-paying habit has become disorganized; but in England the custom is still held sacred, and therefore the State might confidently look—in a general way—for regular and punctual payment.

Like everybody else, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must have heard the inquiry, over and over again, Why should one particular class of traders, and no others, be favoured with financial assistance from the Treasury for the prosecution of their business? Those poor chainmakers, for instance, of whose appalling miseries we hear so much, how could they be answered, when the Ashbourne Act was extended to England, if they asked to be set up in a "works" on communal principles, with the works as security for the State expenditure? But in some way or other Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has evidently gone past all such questions, and there is no use in running after him with *them*. But his fancies flower upon a mind that is a business mind. Facts weigh with him; figures avail with him; estimates reasonably compiled appeal to him not all in vain; and therefore it may be useful to place before him a few business-like considerations that really ought to be taken into account.

In the first place—since the question is whether we should not do in England what has been done in Ireland—this fact should be remembered. The tenancy of Ireland has been to a great extent hereditary; and by common consent that differentiates the case of the Irish from that of most English tenants in appreciable measure. But let us come at once to figures. The Irish tenant can safely borrow money on his prospective purchase because the land is cheap. The basis of the Bright purchase-clauses in the Land Act of 1870 was, as set forth by their author himself, that Irish land could be had at twenty years' purchase, or, without raising the rent, 5 per cent. The State could afford to lend at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the difference supplied the Sinking Fund for repayment of the capital in thirty-five years. By the Act of 1887 the period of repayment was extended to forty-nine years,

the rate of interest being at the same time lowered to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; while the tenant was to contribute only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the advance, including both interest and the charge for the Sinking Fund. The rate at which land could be bought had meantime fallen to from fourteen to eighteen years' purchase, an obvious and considerable advantage for the tenant. Now in England and Scotland the price of land is nearly always as high as thirty years' purchase. Recently, no doubt, the rate sank to an average of twenty-five years' purchase; but it has begun to rise again, and there is every reason to look for an advance to about its old average. Certainly, to put aside the likelihood of such an advance would be extremely rash. Now, unless this kind of property is to be subjected to spoliation by law, the tenant who deals for it under an Ashbourne Act will have to pay the market rate; and he will also have to pay for repairs and maintenance, as hitherto provided for in this country (but not in Ireland) by the landlord. These charges call for an expenditure averaging not less than half per cent. What follows? It follows that for forty-nine years the purchasing tenant would have to pay a rent and a half annually, or thereabout. Let us make this clear by example. Take a farm rented at 30*l.*, about as small a holding as will support a family without the aid of other means. In Ireland such a farm will cost, at fifteen years' purchase, 450*l.*; and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on that sum comes to 20*l.* 5*s.* By this much-reduced annual payment the tenant becomes landlord ultimately. But in England a similar farm would cost, at thirty years' purchase (we must look to that), 900*l.*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on which means an annual payment of 40*l.* 10*s.*; and to this must be added half per cent. for landlord's outlay. Very few tenants could meet such outgoings, instead of a rent of 30*l.*, even with all the incitement of becoming owner half a century hence. The State would be, in fact, a mortgagee, with hosts of tenants to turn out from time to time. That is not all that might be said, but we are at the end of a sufficiently long tether, and can urge no more at present against the reasonableness of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S suggestion. Perhaps he will turn the matter over in his mind again.

A MONSTROUS ACCUSATION.

WE could not have wished the debate on the Address a better, or at any rate a more appropriate, ending. After having been spun out to about thrice its natural and necessary length, it was cut short on the tenth day by the compulsory putting of the question on an amendment proposed by Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM and seconded by Mr. CONYBEARE. It was eminently fitting that a discussion which had testified so strikingly to the ever-growing disease of loquacity in Parliament should have expired under the hands of the most aggressive and irrepressible of Parliamentary bores. The incident seemed unmistakably to trace itself, not to mere Ministerial solicitude for the progress of business, but to the operation of that agency from which Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD hoped so manfully and so much—the "human instinct of self-preservation." Not but that Mr. SMITH had abundance of inducement to move the Closure from the former motive. The interests of business, as he pointed out in his statement of Thursday night, have suffered much from the undue prolongation of the debate on the Address. If the House has now to pass votes for the army, navy, and Civil Service under something almost like pressure; and if the Government, under the absolute urgency of passing an Appropriation Bill by the 28th or 29th inst., have had to shut their ears to appeals of various kinds which they might otherwise have willingly listened to in different quarters of the House, it is simply because a debate which should have occupied three, or at most four, Parliamentary sittings has been prolonged over ten. And the same thing will happen again and again in future years, as it has happened repeatedly in the past. It will go on happening until the House at last awakens, or is at last awakened by the country, to the fact that administration is its first business, and that, though no doubt its members may just as well talk idly as legislate foolishly, they cannot be permitted to prefer either exercise, and certainly not the former, to the proper discharge of their duties in connexion with the naval, military, and civil service of the country.

We may admit however that, even if time had not pressed as regards the business of Supply, it is by no means improbable that the debate on the Address would have been summarily closed on Wednesday last. When the tale of

bricks is doubled, MOSES is at hand. A speech of an hour and a quarter from Mr. CONYBEARE, on Tuesday night, followed by another of an hour and ten minutes on the afternoon of the next day, would in any case have marked the existence of a situation which brings with it the relief of its own tension. We say nothing of Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM'S own discourse, which began on Tuesday night and ended on the following day. That is a pretty little tiny kickshaw which we throw in without reckoning; we will treat it as a factor which may be neglected. And we do so the more willingly because Mr. GRAHAM, though long-winded and pretentious enough on this subject of Socialistic legislation for the relief of distress, is not a windy and cantankerous gabbler on all subjects, like the gentleman who seconded his motion; and Mr. RITCHIE showed a nice sense of discrimination between proposer and seconder in his respective methods of dealing with the two. Mr. GRAHAM, indeed, to a certain extent anticipated, where anticipating is to disarm, criticism by asking his audience to remember that "he did not come into the House of Commons from "the merchant's or the lawyer's office, but straight from "the prairies of America, where want was unknown and "where all men are equal." How is it possible to be hard upon a speaker who so frankly admits the completeness with which his training and antecedents have unfitted him to understand the subject which he has made his own? Mr. CONYBEARE does not come, though one might think so, from the prairies of America. He comes from the University of Oxford, where such manners used not to be known and where all men were once equal in respect of being all most effectually reduced to their proper level. He has not, therefore, the excuses of Mr. GRAHAM; and that, we suppose, must be the reason why people run to the extreme of harshness in judging him, and he finds himself exposed to the charge which on Wednesday he so indignantly repelled. "Mr. SPEAKER," he seems to have gasped, on hearing Mr. RITCHIE'S protest against his having appropriated an hour and ten minutes of an extremely short day, and having left the remainder of the time to be counted by minutes rather than hours—"Mr. SPEAKER, "he charges me with obstruction. It is monstrous." And it was the more monstrous because Mr. CONYBEARE had the moment before given a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the extent of his demands upon the attention of Parliament. The hon. member, Mr. RITCHIE said, as a reason for declining to "give way" to an interruption of the hon. member's, "has had a sufficient portion of the time of the "House already." To which Mr. CONYBEARE replied, "Not "more than I wanted." And what more, then, can we want? Mr. CONYBEARE must, of course, have as much of the country's time as he requires. The only thing we have a right to object to is, that he shall not take it in mere wantonness, and to play with, as it were, but that he shall seriously devote it to his self-chosen task of boring the House of Commons to the pitch of melancholy madness.

THE FINSBURY PARK MURDER.

THE acquittal of CHARLES TURNER on the charge of murdering EDWARD WILLIAMS must have been anticipated by every one acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Indeed, it is difficult to understand on what ground the prisoner was put upon his trial, except that, when the police cannot catch the right man, they sometimes atone for their remissness by laying hold of the wrong one. The evidence given at the Central Criminal Court disclosed what an old-fashioned class of reporter, now unhappily giving way to a duller and wordier race of successors, would have called "the more repulsive and unsavoury features of "middle-class life." Mr. and Mrs. TURNER keep a lodging-house in Clifton Terrace, and among their lodgers was "the "deceased." There was also a lady staying in this establishment, who seems to have agreed with Mr. WILLIAMS that it would be superfluous and pedantic prudery for them to occupy separate bedrooms. Now it is not suggested that WILLIAMS insisted on remaining in the "female lodger's" apartment against the "female lodger's" will, and WILLIAMS appears to have considered that, as silence gives consent, so consent should impose silence. Mr. TURNER, however, took a different view, and a view which may be supported as well by reason as by experience. He held that in his house there should be a *séparation des corps* between the two sexes during the hours of darkness. It is impossible to say

that the standard thus implied is, at least for a lodging-house, exaggerated or overstrained. The prejudices of Western society may be fundamentally erroneous, and in certain walks of life they are not very strictly observed. But, if the spirit of Mrs. GRUNDY should unhappily be banished from other spheres, it is scarcely to a lodging-house that she would instinctively betake herself. At all events, Mr. TURNER was within his legal right when he objected to the questionable conduct of Mr. WILLIAMS. If an Englishman's house is no longer his castle—what with Income-tax collectors, glee-singers, canvassers, and collectors of signatures for petitions—it has not yet become a place of promiscuous assignation for his looser neighbours. A householder may still say, "If you wish to violate the Decalogue, 'that is your affair; but if you contemplate violating it 'here, that is mine.'"

WILLIAMS was an overbearing man, and did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of his landlord. When Mr. TURNER entered the room to remonstrate against what he justly regarded as improper conduct, he was turned out. He "did not leave," as Mr. HEALY said of himself in the House of Commons the other day, but was forcibly removed, "with great violence," as he plaintively says. Mr. TURNER's position was certainly an aggravating one. That his house should be put to uses for which it had never been intended was bad enough. But to be treated as an intruder when he ventured to complain, and driven with insolent triumph from the scene of vice, must have been harrowing in the extreme. Mr. TURNER, however, has been avenged, and that in the completest possible manner. The incident just described occurred on the 12th of January. On the 19th, a week afterwards, Mr. TURNER went, with another man, and requested WILLIAMS to come out on the landing, as they had something for him. He came out, and a voice was heard to exclaim, "Shoot him, CHARLEY; shoot him." Nobody answered, like Mr. DAVITT, "Shoot the system"; but somebody fired a revolver, and the ball went through WILLIAMS, who died the following day. If TURNER had fired the shot, Mr. Justice MATHEW said, the jury would have been saved a good deal of trouble. But WILLIAMS, before he died, was able to make a statement, in which he distinctly said that it was not TURNER who wounded him, but TURNER's companion. No revolver was traced to TURNER's possession; and who cried "Shoot him" remains an unsolved mystery. In these circumstances it was obviously impossible to convict TURNER, while the other man had "absconded"—which is, we believe, the correct phrase to employ of any one who walks away under the noses of the police. The whole case is a pleasant and practical illustration of what may be done in London without let or hindrance, and without even exciting any particular remark. Of revolvers we speak elsewhere. The point to which we here advert is that a man may commit deliberate murder in the presence of at least one witness, probably more, and then calmly disappear into space, while the authorities arrest and prosecute some one else. Immorality is to be deprecated, especially in lodging-houses. But the law does not provide for it the punishment of immediate death by violence, and what the law omits private enterprise is not authorized to supply. Meanwhile we should be glad to know, merely as a matter of curiosity, not who did not shoot EDWARD WILLIAMS, but who did.

THE INCREASE OF THE NAVY.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON'S exposition of the Ministerial plan for the increase of the navy is, of course, sure to provoke attack from both sides of the House. We may presume that the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY has laid his account with that from the first. He must have known that the scheme of the Government—we may almost say any scheme of any Government—would fail to satisfy a certain class of excellent and patriotic politicians for whose principles we have sincere respect, though we regret that they should so often press them to their own defeat. And equally well must he have been aware that the scheme of the Government—we may again almost say any scheme of any Government which required money to carry it out—would provoke the hostility of another class of politicians for whose principles we have not the same respect, and who, as we are therefore glad to see, so often urge them to the point of shocking and alienating men of ordinary patriotism and common sense. The Government may look forward within the next few weeks to plenty of

candid criticism from both these quarters; that is clear enough. They have been already subjected to the fatherly reproof of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD in debate; the economists, at any price, have literally "Oh! Oh-ed" any statement as to the amount of money to be expended, and are probably excogitating other arguments against the scheme; and it is already pretty clear that financial pundits of the type of Mr. CHILDERS, who would have been horror-stricken if the Government had proposed to raise by way of loan the ten millions which is to be expended on construction under contract, will express an equally strong disapproval of the project of raising it by taxation. This last application of the old stanza upon dogmatism of another kind—"You may and you mayn't, You will and you won't, 'You'll be damned if you do, You'll be damned if you don't'"—ought also, perhaps, to have been foreseen by the Government. And we are therefore inclined to regret that, in the vain hope of satisfying financial purists, they should have hesitated to share the burden of naval reinforcement with those who come after us, and have so deep a prospective interest in the efficiency of the work, and should have unnecessarily risked their popularity by throwing the whole of the charge upon contemporary taxation.

The remonstrances which this feature of the scheme will call forth are likely perhaps to gain strength; on the other hand, it is probable that the protests put forward by naval experts against its alleged inadequacy to the national needs will die away as time goes on. It is not, indeed, quite the fact that half a loaf is always better than no bread. It may be worse if it delays your getting the baker to replenish the bread-pan until it is too late. But, as a rule, it is best to take what you can get in politics, as in everything else, as a preliminary to asking for more; and the Admirals must know that, if the present Government has failed to satisfy them, they would get, vulgarly speaking, still smaller change out of a Government of their opponents. An offer of twenty millions and a half and seventy ships—especially when many, if not most of them, will be improvements in strength and quality in our existing navy—is not, after all, to be lightly esteemed; and we suspect that the longer it is looked at the more inclined will most people be to accept and make the best of it. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S criticisms were to be expected, and they are not at present very formidable. For so quick-witted a man he has always been singularly fertile in the discovery of mare's-nests; and his notion that the addition to the ship-building vote was an illusory one was founded—as Mr. GOSCHEN pointed out to him, though with more labour than ought to have been necessary—on a confusion between that portion of the vote which is devoted to new construction and that which is applied to maintenance and repairs. His cavil at the proposal to give the scheme a statutory basis was of an academical kind. We do not need to be told that a future, or the same, House of Commons can exercise or modify a naval policy, even though it be embodied in a statute; but the Government which devised it could not do so with decency, or without profound discredit; and this, if there were no other—which is not the case—would be a sufficient reason for approving of the new departure which the Government have taken in the matter.

SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK.

THE winter now drawing to a close has been unfavourable for the sports in which the American takes pleasure. The months of December and January were unusually warm, and it was not till the middle of February that the mercury displayed any earnestness in its attempts to go below 30° and remain there. Skates began to be offered at absurdly low prices. Ice-yachts lay motionless on the banks of the rivers, with the placid unfrozen waters smiling at their helplessness. And before the livery-stable door the passer-by would see the trim and airy cutter (sleigh) half hidden behind a placard reading "For sale, cheap."

But hardly had the second week of February begun when the far-off signal-service stations of Manitoba, the birthplace of the "cold snap" and the home of the "blizzard," began to warn the Atlantic seaboard to prepare for a descent of temperature. The north-west wind came down upon the East, bringing with it snow and ice. The small boy laid aside his roller-skates, and, taking up those of steel, hurried away to the nearest pond. The livery-stable proprietor took off the placard, and gave the cutter a fresh washing and polishing. The ice-yachtsman got out his "goggles" and his mittens, manned his peak and throat halyards, put a weighty friend on the windward runner-plank, and proceeded down the river at the leisurely gait of fifty miles an hour.

When the American winter is itself, there is not a more picturesque sight than the sleighing in New York. Owing to the city's proximity to the sea, snow does not lie a long time, and unless there are repeated falls, the sleighing season is short. But it is thoroughly enjoyed while it lasts, for the hard-fisted money-getting New Yorker never approaches so near to the true carnival spirit as he does when the snow dulls the everlasting rumble of wheels and the jingle of bells is in the frosty air.

The sleighing begins about two o'clock in the afternoon, for the New Yorker must go "down town," and attend to business first, so that he may indulge in pleasure afterward with a clear conscience. Rich lovers of the sport leave their places of business when the hour of luncheon arrives, and they are the first to appear on the road. By three o'clock those who must do another hour's work after luncheon begin to appear, and by four those who are held in the bondage of business till three o'clock hears the sounding of the gong, and the Stock Exchange day is over, are out, and the afternoon's carnival is at its height. At six the sleighing parties decrease in numbers, and by seven all who do not dine at some one of the road houses are at home. But the sleighing continues till late at night, especially if the moon is on duty. The great scene, however, is between three and six, when one may see as brilliant a winter pageant as can be found anywhere.

The sleighing at New York is confined to one grand procession along a route which has become fixed by custom. The line of march is up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street, thence into Central Park, and through that resort by way of the easterly drive to One Hundred and Tenth Street, thence out the Seventh Avenue Boulevard to the Harlem River at One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Street, thence across McComb's Dam Bridge and out what is commonly known as "the road." Fifth Avenue below the Park is merely a feeding channel—a means of reaching the main route of the procession; but as a large majority of the sleighs come from the region lying below Fifty-ninth Street, the scene on the Avenue is always animated and picturesque. At the entrance of the Park the parade really begins, and from this point to McComb's Dam Bridge, a distance of five miles, the line is unbroken. Beyond that the sleighing parties go various distances, according to their fancies, the freshness of their horses, or the limit of their spare time. The gentlemen who delight in speedy trotters always "jog" up to the Harlem, and never let their horses out much till across the bridge.

To describe this sleighing procession would be a task something like that of describing what a child sees in a kaleidoscope. It is a great stream of colour, contrast, and character. The wealthy people of New York indulge in all kinds of fanciful extravagance in their sleighing equipments. One appreciates this more fully remembering the brevity and uncertainty of the season adapted to this amusement. Europe is ransacked for designs, and nothing is deemed too odd or too absurd if it only costs enough money.

One sleigher has a Russian turn-out. The horses are three in number, and are harnessed abreast with a huge yoke, covered with white leather and mounted with a stand of silver bells. The headgear of the horses and all the rest of the harness are black, except the reins, which are white. Red plumes of horse-hair, which stream in the wind, surmount the horses' heads. The sleigh is low and square of body. The dashboard has a silver eagle's head on each side, and from these rise plumes similar to those worn by the horses.

Another sleigh is driven by a lady who is an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner. The body of the vehicle is shaped like that of a gigantic swan, and, instead of a dashboard in front, the body rises into the graceful neck and head of a swan. The inspiration of *Lohengrin* is undeniable. The horse which draws this unique sleigh is, like the vehicle itself, spotless white.

These two equipages may serve as examples to show in what directions the fancies of wealthy New Yorkers run. As for large sleighs, built to contain family parties, with coachman in front and footman behind, their name is legion. Indeed, when one remembers Dickens's description of the carriages and coachmen he saw in Broadway and compares it with the reality of to-day, he is more certain than ever that America is a country of rapid progress.

Interspersed among the gaudy and peculiar sleighs of the rich, the spectator will see those of the people who in London would be placed among the lower middle classes. And even the comparatively poor man contrives to have some sleighing in New York on Sunday. It is not uncommon to see the dejected-looking animal which has faithfully trodden the weary rounds of a lucrative milk route for six days of the week, drawing his owner and his owner's buxom wife and seven small children out to McComb's Dam Bridge in close company with the magnates of the land on Sunday afternoon. The small boy of our species with his sled lays in wait for an opportunity to tie "on behind" some unwary driver's sleigh and be towed up the Avenue until he is discovered and ignominiously whipped away.

Who that goes sleighing in New York neglects to visit at some time one of the famous road-houses? Out on the road beyond McComb's Dam Bridge are several small hotels or taverns. They are the American type of public-house. The most noted of these are Gabe Case's and Judge Smith's. The Judge, alas! is gathered

unto his fathers, and the places that knew him are filled with desolation and a plentiful lack of champagne. Gabe, however, is still in the land of the living, and continues his good old custom of presenting a magnum of champagne to the first sleigh-driver who reaches his house after the first snow of the winter. And what a struggle goes on every year for that bottle! The veterans of the road watch the skies with eagle eyes, and some of them have been known to sit up all night in hope of being first on the road in case of an early morning snow.

Gabe Case's is the place to see the lions. They all go there. Time was when one could have seen William H. Vanderbilt, Isidore Cohenfeld, Robert Bonner and his sons, David Bonner, and twenty kindred spirits go dashing up to Gabe's door, each one behind a horse whose trotting record for a mile was under 2'25, and whose pedigree and achievements were known to every horseman from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and from Kennebec to the Golden Gate. Vanderbilt is gone, and the peerless Maud S. has joined the matchless stable of Robert Bonner; but there is still a goodly gathering of the kings of the road at Gabe's. And, when they are all assembled, while the rattling thud of flying hoofs and the melodious jangle of bells are heard without, such tales are told within of mad bursts of speed and lightning "brushes" in the brave days of old as would rival the stories of "ramping, stamping, tearing, swearing Billy Harwood."

BIRDS OF LONDON—THE BLACKBIRD.

FEW British birds are better known than the blackbird, the glossy black plumage and bright orange bill of the cock being sufficiently noticeable, and it is therefore wonderful that any one should doubt its right to a place in the list of birds of London. Like the thrush, it frequents the Parks and large gardens of the inner suburbs, but is not so common—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, is not so widely distributed—being somewhat local. The "flower walk" in Kensington Gardens, for example, is one of its favourite haunts, and there as many as five or six may occasionally be seen together in the winter pecking berries from a tree, and in the spring and early summer the cocks can always be heard singing. Again, though it frequents the same localities as the thrush, it is by no means so bold a bird; it has a great objection to going far from cover, and when in the open has a curious, suspicious, listening way, and is always ready, on the slightest provocation, to dash back into shelter. When suddenly alarmed, it flies off with a peculiar startled cry, and, after a short flight, turns almost at right angles into cover—a habit which always attracts attention to it. Where, however, through living in much-frequented places, it is not liable to sudden alarms, its shy habits render it less observable than the bolder thrush.

The song of the blackbird, though wonderfully rich and mellow, has but little variety, and is, in our opinion, poor in comparison with that of the thrush. The bird begins to sing early in the spring, and continues his song, with short intervals of silence, throughout the summer, singing his best early in the morning and in the evening. The song, unlike that of many other birds, has not, so far as we are aware, ever been put into words.

The blackbird is an early breeder—so early, indeed, that during the abnormally warm weather in December last several cases of blackbirds nesting were recorded, the birds evidently being deluded into the belief that spring had begun. The nest is a most solid structure of roots, grass, and clay, carefully lined with fine dry grass, the whole forming a wonderful protection from the weather; but occasionally such extraordinary substances as paper or rags enter into its composition, and Frank Buckland recorded and published an illustration of one which was festooned with pieces of lace, some of which were worked in and out throughout it. It is usually placed in a thick low bush, by preference an evergreen, but now and then a high tree is chosen, and cases have been known where the nest has been built on the ground; indeed, the bird is by no means particular as to situation, occasionally choosing most unlikely places in which to build; perhaps the most extraordinary on record being the crown of a water-pipe under the overhanging roof of a house, a position admirably adapted for a sparrow's nest, but certainly not one in which a blackbird's might be expected. The eggs, from four to six in number, are greenish blue, thickly spotted with dull red, and as a result of the size of the nest, and the little care taken to conceal it, often fall a prey to bird's-nesting boys. This is perhaps not to be altogether regretted, as blackbirds are very prolific, having two and three broods in the year, the same nest occasionally doing duty for the whole season. The "leading case" was supplied by a pair of London blackbirds, which in the year 1837 built four successive nests upon the island in St. James's Park, and safely reared and brought off seventeen young ones, the first three broods consisting of five each, the last of two only. The young in their first plumage are curiously spotted, especially on the breast—in this stage the cocks may be distinguished, as they are darker than the hens, and the spots on the breast are more distinct. After the first moult

they lose their spots, and are then of a dark rusty brown much like the hen, but darker; the adult plumage is attained in the ensuing spring. The food of the blackbird varies with the seasons, and in the summer it cannot be denied that it is a great devourer of fruit, cherries, strawberries, and, in fact, all small fruit, where not protected by nets, suffering severely from its attacks. We cannot, however, admit that it is such a deadly enemy to the gardener as it is popularly supposed to be, as it feeds for the greater part of the year on insects and their larvae, together with worms, snails, and slugs, thus doing him immense good, while the time available for mischief is by comparison very short. Many gardeners, while refusing to kill thrushes, will ruthlessly destroy blackbirds under the mistaken idea that, though both are fruit-eaters, the former alone make amends for the mischief they do by destroying slugs and snails. As a fact, there is little to choose between the two birds in this respect, the blackbird being as fond of shell snails as the thrush, and adopting the same method of obtaining them. Others, again, maintain that the blackbird is more persistent in its attacks upon fruit than its cousin the thrush. In this also they are mistaken, though the mistake admits of easy explanation. The plumage and habits of the thrush are all in its favour, as its colour enables it to peck away at the fruit without being seen, and when disturbed it steals away without any noise. The blackbird, on the contrary, at once attracts attention by its sharp cry of alarm, if, indeed, its black coat and yellow bill have not already betrayed its presence. Both birds should, in our opinion, be protected, and the fruit they eat be regarded as given in payment for services rendered. London birds, however, have little to fear from the gardener, as fruit-growing is not carried on to any extent in suburban gardens.

Like many other birds, blackbirds in hard weather draw near to houses and homesteads; and at such times many find their way into town, where they lose their shy habits and become excessively tame, especially if the ground is covered with snow, and will take food, even when placed close to a window, with hardly more hesitation than is shown by the impudent sparrow.

Blackbirds, when reared from the nest, make excellent cage-birds, and become very tame and companionable; but in aviaries they are troublesome, as they are excessively pugnacious, and harass other birds. They are perfect mimics, and may be taught to whistle simple tunes; they will also imitate the songs of other birds, and have been known to crow like a cock, and cackle like a hen; and some authors go so far as to affirm that they will even imitate the human voice.

In the country blackbirds, from their habit of suddenly dashing out of cover, flying straight away, and as suddenly turning in again, are considered to afford excellent sport for boys who are learning to shoot, and hundreds are yearly killed in this way. Blackbird hawking, again, is a recognized form of sport; but is followed by so few that it does little to lessen the number of blackbirds. And, lastly, great numbers are, as we have said, killed by gardeners during the fruit season. Yet, notwithstanding all this, their numbers appear to suffer no diminution. In London, however, where the bird has practically but one enemy—the prowling, ubiquitous cat—we doubt if it would not long ago have been extinct were not its numbers continually recruited by immigrants from the country.

THE VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC LOGIC.

THE curious and interesting paper on the Value of Witness to the Miraculous which Professor Huxley has contributed to this month's *Nineteenth Century* will probably attract considerable attention from no small number of persons who will take different points of view. It may shock some people; it will certainly annoy others; it will gratify the excellent persons who write agnostic novels, just as forty years ago they would have written Tractarian ones; it will grieve some undogmatic defenders of orthodoxy; it will induce some more or less dogmatic but imprudent defenders of orthodoxy to try hedgings and reconcilings and bowings in the temple of the Modern Spirit. But we should hope that even in these rather foolish days there is a sufficient number of persons left who have not bowed the knee to any Rimmon or any Baal, and who do not think that the religion of St. Paul and St. Augustine, of Aquinas and Occam, of Berkeley and Butler, has to take to bated breath because a very accomplished dissector of Crayfish has (contrary to the wont of the dissectors of crayfish) the ability to read Latin, and a pretty but not quite accomplished knack of logic. If there is anything in this last sentence which appears disparaging to Professor Huxley, let us disclaim all such intention. We should not indeed have used it if Mr. Huxley himself had abstained from using a kind of insinuation which is not worthy of him. That people were given to relic-stealing, contrary to the law, in the ninth century is perfectly true; it is also true that not quite so long ago people were given to body-snatching (and occasionally something more) contrary to the law. But we should certainly not think of quoting Burke and Hare in evidence or in insinuation to prove that science is a fond thing vainly invented.

Mr. Huxley's sober argument of course does not turn on this any more than our counter-argument turns on a supposition that familiarity with crayfishes (not in the fearless degustatory

manner) disables his judgment. It is based on a certain episode in the life of a very interesting and tolerably well-known person—Eginhard, whom we are glad to see Mr. Huxley very sensibly calls Eginhard, and not Einhard, throughout. The popular imagination persists in regarding Eginhard only as the man who rode upon a young lady's shoulders through the snow; but, whether he did that or not, it can hardly be necessary to say here that he did many other things. That particular one which Mr. Huxley discusses is his *Translation of SS. Marcellinus and Petrus*. The story is too long to tell here, and, indeed, needs no telling, even if it were not to hand very pleasantly told (despite a few little Voltairian flings which are, even artistically, a mistake) in the pages of Mr. Knowles's magazine. Suffice it to say that Eginhard, having founded a basilica in the Odenwald, wanted, like all men of his day, to obtain the relics of some saint to hallow it, that his desires (as in a good many other cases) were accomplished by the simple process (not, indeed, directly authorized by himself) of stealing the bodies of certain saints, that they were at last placed in position, and that miracles followed. The manner in which the relics were obtained, and the results of their obtaining, are, as we have said, about equally subjects of Mr. Huxley's railery; but the results only are the subject of his argument. These results are of the usual kind. There were first visions and dreams; then the chest which contained the relics sweated blood; then there were miracles of healing. A paralytic nun, an old and a young cripple, recovered the use of their limbs; a demon of (says Mr. Huxley) "the singular appellation of Wiggo" (there are much more singular appellations in demonology) was exorcised from a girl, and so forth. Finally, it turned out that there had been more hocuspocus than the mere stealing of the relics in the course of their transmission from Italy; though here, again, what bearing this is supposed to have on the argument is not apparent.

The argument, when it does appear, is itself rather injured by a defect which excludes the humble garden carrot from the exhibition table; it is "forked." But the fork will not turn out so useful to Mr. Huxley as if it had been the fork of a dilemma. In the first place, and for a page or two, it would appear to be Mr. Huxley's object, after laughing at the way in which the relics were obtained, to question the probability of the miracles. Eginhard, he admits, is an unimpeachable and a contemporary chronicler. But in such a condition of mind as his, when he winked at stealing, &c., may he not have winked again at false testimony or imperfectly examined testimony? Was not the nun probably hysterical? Were not the others professional mumpers? Did not Eginhard's servants forge their dreams? Is not malingering or hysteria presumable? May there not have been honest mistakes, such as the slipping back of a dislocated jaw? And so forth and so forth.

But the other fork leads in quite a different direction. Mr. Huxley, whom the wicked orthodox critic has of course "seen coming" as he pursues this rather zigzag path, turns round and addresses to a supposed Protestant inquirer, who disclaims belief in the thaumaturgic powers of SS. Marcellinus and Petrus, a series of questions, which must be given in his own words:—

The practical interest is this: if you do not believe in these miracles recounted by a witness whose character and competency are firmly established, whose sincerity cannot be doubted, and who appeals to his sovereign and other contemporaries as witnesses of the truth of what he says, in a document of which an MS. copy exists, probably dating within a century of the author's death, why do you profess to believe in stories of a like character which are found in documents, of the dates and of the authorship of which nothing is certainly determined, and no known copies of which come within two or three centuries of the events they record? If it be true that the four Gospels and the Acts were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, all that we know of these persons comes to nothing in comparison with our knowledge of Eginhard; and not only is there no proof that the traditional authors of these works wrote them, but very strong reasons to the contrary may be alleged. If, therefore, you refuse to believe that "Wiggo" was cast out of the possessed girl on Eginhard's authority, with what justice can you profess to believe that the legion of devils were cast out of the man among the tombs of the Gadarenes? And if, on the other hand, you accept Eginhard's evidence, why do you laugh at the supposed efficacy of relics and the saint-worship of the modern Romanists? It cannot be pretended, in the face of all evidence, that the Jews of the year 30, or thereabouts, were less imbued with the belief in the supernatural than were the Franks of the year A.D. 800. The same influences were at work in each case, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the results were the same. If the evidence of Eginhard is insufficient to lead reasonable men to believe in the miracles he relates, *à fortiori* the evidence afforded by the Gospels and the Acts must be so.

And then, after some more about St. Paul, and some things about George Fox, Mr. Huxley ends by saying that "the writers of the Gospel, no less than Paul, Eginhard, and Fox, so little dream of offering the rational ground of belief, without which assent is to the man of science simply an immoral pretence, that they would regard the demand for it as a kind of blasphemy."

This account of Mr. Huxley's argument (though, we think, he will himself admit that we have not garbled it in the least) has been so disposed as probably to suggest already to persons of logical mind what we are going to say. There seems to be a very singular division, or, if anybody prefers the word, a very singular confusion (for these two opposites are here identical), in Mr. Huxley's mode of thought. At one time he seems to be criticizing the Eginhardian miracles on the ground of intrinsic probability—that is to say, on the old rationalist ground. But (reserving another objection which will come later), what on earth has this to do with the subsequent historical argument as

to the comparative trustworthiness of Eginhard and St. Matthew? The weakness as well as the strength of the simple rationalizing or euhemerizing process is that it proves nothing even if its way of proof be admitted. Grant that the nun *may have been* hysterical. The question is, Was she? Yet again. The invalidating of a particular miracle or set of miracles, not only by this process of "accounting otherwise," but even by the most direct testimony, does not touch any other set—does not even impair the value of any other set—for a simple reason which it is strange that a man of science should forget. The whole case for miracles is, that each is an independent exertion of supernatural power, depending upon no law, capable of being used to establish no strictly scientific inference. We expect, and we find, that the ordinary freethinker, as illogical in his way as the ordinary curate in his, should ignore this; we don't expect such ignoring from Mr. Huxley. He certainly need not tell us a long story from the ninth century to show that the sufficient theological and even historical evidence of an antecedently improbable or "otherwise explicable" thing is a different thing from its scientific evidence. Yet that is all he shows.

Yet again, it is astonishing that any one not having his eyes blinded by that unlucky "uniformity of nature," which your man of science seems to find it impossible to transcend, should fail to see the difference between such miracles as these and those which are recorded as having accompanied the establishment of the Christian religion. In the first place, there is one very simple consideration—the Christian religion is there, and it proves the miracles at least as much as the miracles prove it. Not only is there nothing of this kind in Eginhard's case, but there is the presumption that from a tradition of true miracles people would be led to manufacture false ones. Nor can we see the least analogy between the case of the nun and the case (to go to the fountainhead at once) of the Resurrection. Mr. Huxley contrasts Eginhard with the Gospel writers as historical authorities, but his sole real argument lies, as has been seen, in the suggestion that the witnesses in the Eginhardian case may have been honestly or dishonestly deceived. What possibility of deception is there in the case of the Resurrection? It must be either false or true. And that Mr. Huxley would not believe it any more if he had the strongest testimony is shown by the fact that in this Eginhard case he, after all, falls back, not on an attempt to show that Eginhard did not say this, or that there was no Eginhard, but on an argument from probability that Eginhard was deceived. In other words, Mr. Huxley's argument runs not to proving that true "miracles do not happen," but to proving that false miracles do, or at least may, happen. What orthodox arguer in or out of a lunatic asylum ever denied that?

But besides these confusions—the confusion of importing the "otherwise explicable" argument into the historical or value-of-testimony argument, and the still greater and commoner fallacy of arguing from particular premisses to an at least implied universal conclusion—there is a subtler and more pervading error, already glanced at, which is surprising enough in a man of Mr. Huxley's ability. He contrasts, in a passage of which we have quoted part, the "prophet steeped in supernaturalism and glorying in blind faith" with "the philosopher founded in naturalism and a fanatic for evidence." The word "fanatic" is, to say the least, unhappy. Fanatics do not usually distinguish with clearness, and it may possibly be due to the "fanatical" character of this philosophy that it persists in requiring from supernaturalism the evidences of naturalism. That Mr. Huxley has a certain excuse in the unwisdom of some defenders of orthodoxy is true enough. But he certainly seems to show—in this curious contention of his that because he misdoubts some things other people may not believe others—that "blindness" is not only an attribute of "faith."

MANAGER-ACTORS.

THE manager-actor is the growth of our complex age, and, indeed, is a logical result of the competition among theatres for patronage. These houses of entertainment, springing up with such activity, are built to supply the "wants" of a neighbourhood; for so many thousands of a population there must be a theatre, as there must be a bank, public-house, &c. As the rivalry is keen, and the margin of profit "cut fine," and variable, any waste of administrative power must be avoided; and, as in the periodical reform of public offices it is found that the duties of different departments may be amalgamated without loss of efficiency, so the combination of manager and actor has come into fashion. Nearly all our great players have been manager-actors—Betterton, Cibber, Garrick, Mossop, Kemble, Charles Kemble, Elliston, Macready, Charles Kean, and Irving; and, among lesser constellations, Foote, and Mathews, father and son. Dibdin, Betterton, and Cibber, however, shared their duties with others. Garrick was, in one sense, more manager than actor. In the administration of so great an enterprise as Drury Lane Theatre the correspondence, conciliation, and humouring of actors, the constant selection and preparation of new plays, needed unwearied and never relaxing exertion. Garrick had his own established parts, in which he appeared as his turn came round. He was not, therefore, the sole particular attraction of the theatre; though, of course, his exertions were felt insensibly even when he did not tread the stage. John Kemble was much more of the leading performer—the "acting-manager's" duties devolving

on his competent partner, Thomas Harris. But in his time the taste for hearing excellent plays, set off by good actors, had given place to that for seeing excellent actors set off by good or indifferent plays. The other great manager-actors who succeeded have been obliged to carry out the same principle. The "form and pressure" of the time, with the high price current for talent, has completely abolished what may be termed communities of cleverness, and the ideal company of players level in ability has become nearly Utopian. This baseless fabric of a vision dissolves under the hard pressure of figures and the practical test of the salary list. No player of conspicuous merit can now take service in the ranks of a company; for he knows that alone, under other arrangements, he is capable of attracting an audience. Even the justly famed society of the Comédie Française, so often pointed to as a model, is at this moment suffering under this solvent, and the assured pecuniary *prestige* and dignity can scarcely keep the leading associates within its ranks. It can feel secure only of its veterans and of its less trained recruits. MM. Coquelin and Febvre, Mlle. Samary, and others have to be indulged with long or short *congés* to enable them to secure at least a supplement to their salaries—the total of which falls far short of what they would assuredly gain by their unassisted efforts. This natural greed has been inflamed by the success of their late comrade, the incomparable "Sarah," who has shown what can be gained by playing to audiences of all the nations, instead of to the contracted area of a single capital.

In some of the older theatrical works we find the word "mesnager" used for the director of a theatre, showing that it was the control and "management" of human characters, with their selection and adaptation to the parts chosen, that was to call out a manager's talent and ability. The manager of a great railway or of one of the large co-operative stores has need of some such indefinable power to be successful in his calling. The two portly quartos in which Garrick's correspondence is laid up in ordinary might form a *vade mecum*, and a warning also, to the modern manager. Here we find this amiable and gifted man exercising unweariedly all the arts of his profession, now humouring Mrs. Abingdon or Mrs. Yates, meeting their insolence, and even rebellion, with calmness and dignity, and usually prevailing in the end. When a theatre is in high repute or fashion the "mesnager" finds himself compelled also to take due account of social influences. The union in his person of power and command with professional ability offers a combination that is irresistibly attractive. Accordingly the manager-actor, besides his professional audience, has to consider an audience of friends and admirers, which includes all that is clever, intellectual, and fashionable. This contact with so many forces and influences calls out what was really the highest form of the managerial instinct, the selection of plays suitable to the company and to the audience. Often a character is written to the manager-actor's measure, which, according to the existing system, is found to answer. But in the days of King, Yates, Palmer, Kemble, &c., there had to be found a play that would not only stimulate and bring out the actors' talent, but also one in which each actor had an effective part. These were written, not to suit existing peculiarities, where the same eccentricities are provided for over and over again; but a powerful and fruitful character was furnished, unlike, it might be, any former exertion of the actor, giving him the chance of exhibiting some new and unexpected departure. On this principle, the manager-actor took a serious share, as is sometimes the case now, in the composition of the play—that is, the whole was shaped, reshaped, developed, according to his suggestions. He saw each member of his company already invested with his character, and could fancy how they would treat situations. Nay, the very image of a performer might suggest a new situation. The old comedy of *A Clandestine Marriage*—inspired by the very atmosphere of Drury Lane—was written in this fashion; every scene was contrived between the manager and the author, and in the process even the characters bore no other names than those of the players.

The manager-actor is as often a good manager and indifferent actor as he is a bad manager and a good actor. Kemble's excellent sense of dignity and justice, joined with his experience, made him a respectable manager; but the fact that he and his family were a popular attraction simplified his duties a good deal. Macready was singularly unfortunate as a manager-actor; but he was unpractical, and an infirmity of temper unfitted him for the control of his fellow-creatures. The mercurial Elliston had also many failings. But, as we look round us now, we see the manager-actor holding the field everywhere. We find Mr. Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket, Mrs. John Wood at the New Court, Mr. Toole at the theatre bearing his name, Mr. Terry at his theatre, Mr. Wyndham at the Criterion, Mr. Mansfield at the Globe, Mr. Hawtrey at the Comedy, Miss Wallis at the Shaftesbury, and Mr. Irving at the Lyceum. Mr. Conquest acts and manages at the Surrey, Mrs. Lane at the old Britannia, and Miss Hawthorne at the Princess's, and Mr. Barrington, until a few weeks ago, was managing and acting at the St. James's. Mr. Thorne both reigns and acts at the Vaudeville. But managerial acting has its dangers as well as its gains; the results of failure are tremendous and even ruinous. After a catastrophe the manager-actor is as unlikely to get a second chance as a failing speculator. His difficulties are enormous, the chief one being to secure a good play; for there may be capacity of management and acting present, but without a "drawing" piece all is naught. It will be interesting to wait for the result of the new develop-

ment where a single person manages, acts, and owns the theatre. The thing seems likely to be overdone; a reaction may set in, and we may then see the numerous manager-actor theatres deserted, as wanting in entertainment, for some brilliant level company, such as Mr. Daly's, where the faculty of amusing is distributed among many.

BUCHAREST IN WINTER.

IN the angle between the Balkans and Carpathians lies Roumania, and in the middle of Roumania its capital, Bucharest, exposed to the full blast of winter from over the Russian steppes. Perhaps there is no corner of Europe where the variations of temperature are so great as in the north of the Balkan Peninsula. In summer the thermometer often ranges over a hundred degrees in the shade, and as these lines are being written it marks slightly under thirty-two degrees of frost, Fahrenheit. The aspects of all towns under a few feet of snow cannot vary much, and Bucharest in midwinter has the same general appearance as London or Paris. A characteristic thoroughfare is the Calea Victoria, with the Chaussée or public promenade at one end and the little river at the other. The snow is piled up as soon as possible off the pavements, and anywhere where it is out of the way, in the principal streets. If the visitor has never been in Russia, he will find plenty of interest in a stroll down the Calea. It is lined with handsome shops and public buildings, the former being stocked only a day behind the European capitals. Fresh herrings and soles from the Channel—which, after all, contains the only fish in the world worth eating—Ostend oysters, and Scotch grouse are displayed side by side with huge Turkey buzzards and deer from the neighbouring forests. Here and there an advertisement appears in French; but almost all the notices and placards are in Roumanian, a language which gives a sort of impression that the printer originally intended to put something in French or Italian, but fell into confusion, and interposed letters where they were not wanted, truncating others where they seem most necessary. Nine words out of ten have a familiar look to any European polyglot; yet a first attempt to decipher them ends in ignominious defeat.

Every second or third man you meet is in uniform, which may give rise to the idea either that the Roumanian army is over-officered, or else that two-thirds of it must be in Bucharest. As a matter of fact, this is far from being the case, and it is probably owing to the stringent rules which preclude any officer from going abroad in *mufti* that the scarlet is so predominant. The ladies mostly wear coquettish fur caps and fur-lined cloaks, with big collars turned up about their ears, which is more becoming than it may seem on paper. One and all are shod with indiarubber-soled felt overshoes, without which it would be almost impossible to keep one's footing on the frozen, uneven snow. They also prevent the feet from getting cold and the boots from getting wet, and are altogether a capital invention, which might with advantage be adopted further west. The street itself is some ten or twelve inches deep in what might almost be mistaken for desert sand—powdered brown snow, over which hundreds of sledges career gaily day and night, making the air ring again with the music of their bells. The private sledges are very fine equipages, Russian steppers decked with scarlet and white plumes, and covered from crest to tail with a flowing embroidered sheet, bearing the arms of the owner, and flying to the wind on either side, like white wings. The drivers both of private and hired sledges are mostly recruited from a Russian sect, who, expelled from their own country, have settled in Bucharest, where they occupy themselves exclusively with horse-dealing and driving. They dress in neat blue coats, with black or grey Astracan cap, collar, and cuffs, silver buttons in profusion, and a broad belt studded with silver, or else a gay-coloured sash bound round the waist. They drive standing, and encourage their beasts with many a shout which the horses seem to understand perfectly. Here and there a spick-and-span brougham, on rails instead of wheels, spins past, but sledges are the universal order of the day. The drivers are models of politeness, and never grumble at their fares, the tariff being fixed at one franc a drive, from one spot in the city to another, and two francs an hour—a very cheap rate considering that the season only lasts for a few months. The contrast between a street full of sledges tearing over the noiseless snow to the jingle of the bells, slung in festoons down the horses' necks, and the same full of rumbling wheeled cabs and omnibuses is most striking. In Bucharest it is no disadvantage to sleep in a room over the street. Instead of being kept awake by the traffic, sleep is the rather invited by the continuous far-off tinkling. If we go up to the far end of the Chaussée, we leave the fashionable world behind in a very short time, and get into the country, where the road is lined with peasants going to and fro the market. Their sledges are of the roughest description, running on great broad smooth logs, and drawn by shaggy grey oxen or queer little ponies, instead of the fifteen-hand Russian steeds. They are all muffled from the feet to the eyes in sheepskins and swaddlings nondescript. They bring in wood for fuel, poultry, corn, blocks of ice for preserving, &c., and when their stock is disposed of, sit contentedly singing in the thick straw at the bottom of their sledges, very pictures of comfort.

The inner life of the middle and higher middle classes at Bucharest

is marked by a great deal of attention to display, not incompatible with home luxury. The houses are almost all built over a good deal of ground, with only two stories, and surrounded, if possible, by a garden. The rooms are spacious and warmed by enormous porcelain stoves, which are designed so as to add to the ornamentation of the interior rather than detract from it, as stoves are apt to do. They consume an incredible quantity of fuel, but in return give out a wonderful supply of heat. All the better houses have parquet floors, and during the winter months dancing goes on without intermission every night in the week at one or other of these. The Roumanians, as a rule, dine early, but go out late, and dancing rarely begins before eleven, or ends before five next morning. Besides private receptions there are the usual number of Charity Balls, patronized by the *élite*, and daily masked balls, beloved by the multitude. The Cafés Chantants are cosmopolitan, artists from Paris, Vienna, and London succeeding each other on the stage to meet with an equally rapturous welcome.

During the day the principal amusement to be had is to be found in the Cismegiu Gardens, where a military band plays on the ice two or three days a week, and where King Charles is fond of taking his afternoon walk. Skating is not in such favour at Bucharest as in other places where it is more rarely to be enjoyed, and the lake seldom has more than forty or fifty performers on its surface, except on Sunday afternoons, when it is crowded. The few who attend regularly, however, attain a degree of perfection which would astonish frequenters of the Serpentine, but which is not perhaps so great a matter of wonder when we bear in mind that they can count on three months' practice uninterrupted every year. As a variation from skating, parties are occasionally formed for shooting, in which the ladies take their share of the rough walking and chilly waiting necessary to circumvent the hares, deers, and wolves which are the objects of the hunt. The cold to be experienced in the country on these expeditions is the principal drawback, and whereas in Bucharest itself no one ever suffers from the temperature, thanks to the precautions taken against it both indoors and out, it is a very different thing standing at the corner of a wood for an hour, waiting for the beaters, or trying to keep the frost out of a draughty bedroom whose windows rattle, and whose stove can only keep water from freezing at a radius of three feet.

Considering how close Bucharest has of late been brought to the other capitals of Europe by means of the Orient Express, and generally improved railway and postal communication, it is astonishing that so little is known about the city and its people. We have on more than one occasion been called upon to correct a belief that Bucharest was the capital of Bulgaria, or "somewhere in Roumelia," and yet it contains 280,000 inhabitants, and covers an area a third of that occupied by Paris. There are only five towns in England and four in Germany of equal numerical importance, and, as far as the culture of its society goes, Roumania need fear no comparison with the so-called centres of civilization. There are some twenty or thirty daily newspapers in Roumanian and French, one of the latter even attaining the dignity of a third edition, and the French journals arrive at nine in the morning two days after publication. The English papers come in three days, and the questions of European politics are warmly discussed at the various political and social clubs with a keenness and intelligence which will often nonplus a foreigner. Every Roumanian, man and woman, with any pretence of education speaks French fluently and German well. Not a few also are well up in English—not only conversationally, but with a thorough acquaintance of history and literature. In winter the whole political world is at Bucharest, which it leaves in the summer for the summer retreat of Sinai, some eighty miles away high up in the mountains. Party spirit runs very high, and impregnates every relation of daily life, where everybody has opinions, and very pronounced ones. The truth is that Roumania was born again some twenty years ago, and has been progressing with the exuberant vitality of youth ever since. Though her economy and administration are yet far from perfect, she has made giant strides in both, and takes a thoroughly well-earned pride in pointing them out. The energies of all are naturally concentrated in preserving the position they have so hardly acquired, and Roumania cannot but view with apprehension the warlike preparations of Europe, knowing, as she well does, that the predestined battlefield of Russia and Austria is the Balkan Peninsula. By falling back from Moldavia and Jassy, and strengthening the "line" of Focshani and Galatz, she hopes to make a successful stand for independence; and the fortifications round the city of Bucharest itself are being pushed with all available expedition. If completed in time, they will consist in a chain of circumvallating forts, at a distance of some fifteen miles from the city; and this zone, if well garrisoned, would be able to hold out against the most formidable siege operations for a considerable period. In the meanwhile—till such time as the war-dogs are let loose—Bucharest continues to enjoy its carnival in merriest fashion every winter; and any discontented person from the fog and slush of London might find plenty to amuse and interest him in a fortnight spent amongst the sledges, ice, and snow of the Roumanian "Little Paris."

GAMBLING BY THE MILLION.

THE other day we came on the rather clever remark in a *Times*' leader that life is generally a speculation for the rise. The truth of the remark was literally and immediately brought home to us, for we were reading the journal in a morning train on a suburban line of railway. Four out of the other five passengers were young City men, with decided pretensions to fashion, and each had purchased a sporting paper, to which they eagerly turned after a rapid perusal of the City articles in the *Standard*, the *News*, or the *Telegraph*. Subsequently, when they were not discussing the odds on forthcoming events, they were talking "Nitrates" and South African gold-mines. As they were travelling by the first class, the presumption was that they were tolerably well off; they might be article to solicitors or stockbrokers, or possibly looking forward to partnerships in some prosperous paternal business. But they were young and assuredly the reverse of rich, if a difficulty in making the two ends meet means poverty. Yet all the four were habitual speculators, with serious engagements left to the liquidation of chance. If luck went in their favour, their winnings, so far as they were not anticipated, would assuredly be promptly squandered. If luck went against them, it would be matter for anxious consideration how they were to carry over and try again. These sporting gentlemen, in their smart coats, were the aristocracy of the outer betting ring. They had stables at home; they might be presumed to know something of the points of a horse; they had probably driven a stepper to the station; they had an occasional day with the foxhounds and staghounds; and perhaps on the racecourse they might give a reason for fancying a likely competitor. But of the particular animals on which they were staking their sovereigns they knew as little as an Eskimo of orchids. They simply betted upon conventional signs, blindly backing the opinions of the prophets and accepting the reports of the touts. But the sale of the latest information from the training grounds was by no means confined to those first-class travellers. It was being pushed almost as briskly among the patrons of second and third class. The man shivering in a flimsy overcoat, who had been breakfasting rather according to his means than his appetite, might grudge the morning penny, but hardly hesitated to come down with it. Either the penny might purchase a hint which would repay him a thousand times over, or, more probably, his mind must be eased at any price as to the prospects of the shillings he had painfully scraped together that he might indulge in a flying shot at fortune. Probably that speculator knew nothing more of a nag than he had picked up from his observations on the pavement or on the roof of an omnibus. Yet perhaps his chances of balancing his book satisfactorily and bringing himself safely home were just as good as those of the more aristocratic speculators. One and the other knew next to nothing of what they were about, and were going in for a lottery against the long odds. The presumption is that nine out of ten of them were fairly shrewd and intelligent, priding themselves, with sufficient reason, on their sharpness in their special lines of business. Nor were they foolish enough to gamble for sheer excitement; for that is one of the luxuries reserved for their social superiors. They were simply speculating for the sake of making money, and very grateful the professional racing-men ought to be to them for the carelessness with which they part with their cash. People go to a public gaming-table with their eyes open. They know at Monte Carlo that the zero is against them at Roulette, and they are content to face the certainty of the *refait* at the *Rouge et Noir*. Consequently they are assured that the bank must win in the long run, and they back their highly speculative chances in full *connaissance de cause*. But the sharp-witted innocents who stand "to win" upon unknown horses, while professing to calculate chances, never care to count with certainties. Yet surely it might be worth their while to consider that the great world of betting-men and tipsters must live. A few of the bookmakers make fortunes out of the victims who are fleeced; many more might retire upon competencies were they only decently prudent; and, in any case, the indispensable expenses of the professional are enormous. The net profits at the best are but a small percentage on the heavy gross outlay. The man who habitually attends races is bound—Heaven save the mark!—to keep up a certain position. His showy clothes and his flash jewelry strike the key to his everyday habits. He travels first-class in jovial company; he frequents good hotels and the best provincial inns; his ordinary tippie is champagne, and he is perpetually treating or being treated in the way of business. Moreover, wherever he goes, from Doncaster or Chester down to Little Peddington, when a race-meeting is coming off everything is raised to fancy prices. He is billeted in a garret as a favour at the ordinary price of a first-floor sitting-room, and the very flyman who drives him to the course has doubled the regular fare. No wonder he has acquired habits of reckless profusion, turning over money out of all proportion to his means; it is hit or miss with him at every meeting; he is driven along at high pressure by inexorable necessity, and he trusts to the innocents to see him safely landed.

And it is just the same thing in the shady precincts of the Stock Exchange. In the olden time, when the railway mania had set in, and even after the introduction of joint-stock Companies (limited), the rage for speculation, as a rule, did not go below the moneyed middle class. Unless exceptionally moved by a noble ambition, the impecunious clerk never dreamed

of risking ruin, and the needy shopman was seldom tempted to tamper with the contents of his employer's till. Now in the rapid democratization of our political and financial institutions all that has been revolutionized. Stockbrokers no longer form a close corporation, governed by strict regulations under severe penalties. The outside broker—undoubtedly there are reputable exceptions—has come to the front, and is suffered to spread his snares for unwary clients in the columns of highly respectable journals. He incites customers to speculate against next settling day as well as to invest. Scarcely troubling himself as to the quality of the dust he throws in their eyes, he declaims against the antiquated system of brokerage and dispenses with his legitimate commission. The inference is that it is in sheer philanthropy he runs up the long weekly advertising bills and scatters his circulars broadcast, to say nothing of renting a room and possibly retaining clerks. The secret of course is in the modern system of "cover"—in the cover with which he can deal at his discretion. Cooked accounts furnish unsatisfactory reasons for its disappearance; and, considering the costs and the uncertainty of law, especially when it may be a question of an illegal bargain, the victim has practically no means of redress. Yet gudgeons will swarm to the clumsily baited hooks, and the business with its swindles and its scandals goes on more briskly than ever.

We should be curious to know how much money is annually swallowed in that way, in the shape of sovereigns or five-pound notes that have been painfully saved, borrowed, or stolen. And, to go a little higher in the social scale, the gullibility or facility of the honest small investor is being *exploité* at the present moment with equal industry and success. The tendency in all the newfangled second-class Companies is to keep down the amount of the shares, so as to bring them within the reach of everybody. Judging from appearances, promoters are working hard at preparations for one of the periodical panics and crashes. Probably the next convulsion may shake capitalists and great credit establishments less than its predecessors, because smaller losses will be more widely distributed. But we may be sure there are sad troubles in store for the classes in the community who can least afford to lose. Take mining enterprise, for example. Mines for the moment are all the fashion, and nothing holds out such glittering prospects to the needy who long to be rich as the wild groping in the dark for hidden treasures. A fifteen per cent. dividend, attained with much labour and by slow degrees, is a splendid return for a flourishing bank. But there are well-authenticated stories of many a mine which in a year or two has yielded fabulous dividends. What has happened once must happen again, and especially, as promoters urge, in the same locality. Nothing is easier than to draw up a fascinating prospectus. Get a taking name to begin with; borrow the statistics of some successful enterprise in the immediate vicinity, and base your own assumptions on analogy. Obtain a favourable report from experts who may be practically anonymous; set forth the whole in seductive style, pointed by the promise of 50 per cent. returns; and, when the mining mania is in full swing, as it is now, the thing is done to all intents and purposes, if you can show a passable Board of Directors. Penniless peers, in these days of agricultural depression, can easily be persuaded to run some risk of compromising themselves, and even such a catch is on the cards as a retired colonial governor or consul, who may find it advisable to hazard something of reputation in the hope of supplementing his income. Of course it is as certain that there is gold in India and the Transvaal as in Australia or California—gold in great and paying quantities, if you have the luck to come upon it. But, because certain reefs have been yielding richly, it does not follow, as promoters and adventurers assume, that all the rocks in the neighbourhood must be lucratively auriferous. Projects have been multiplied so much of late in the South African fields that we feel inclined to pity the ingenious promoters, who are sorely put to it to find tolerably attractive names. In some recent cases, indeed, they would seem to have been sadly unfortunate. Not that the nomenclature appears to signify so very much, since we understand that almost all the Companies have been floated. How many of the small investors, we may ask, knew anything of the geography—to say nothing of the geology—of the country where they are literally sinking their little all. We are reminded of the light-hearted *insouciance* of Mr. Bob McCorkindale in Aytoun's inimitable tale of the Glenmurchkin Railway. Discussing the launching of a new line, which should appeal to the cupidity of the Scottish public, he proposes "a Spanish scheme—the Alcantara Union. Hang me if I know whether Alcantara is in Spain or Portugal; but nobody else does, and the one is quite as good as the other." And it must be remembered that the worthy Bob was not one of the sheep, but a shearer; a promoter, and not an investor. But when so many speculators of his stamp are so busy at the present moment, investors who are looking beyond an ephemeral premium would do well to lay the moral to heart.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

THE inhabitants of New York are not bowed down with a weight of music as they were last season. There are still more entertainments than the public wants; but some relief from the over-supply has been obtained, and for this thanks are given.

The genuine interest of New York is centred in the opera and best orchestral concerts—meaning those of the Philharmonic Society and Wilhelm Gericke's splendid Boston Symphony Orchestra. The New York Symphony Society has a *clientèle* of its own, built up by the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, a talented but unbalanced young man. The same condition of things exists at the Thomas Concerts. They are attended by a class of music-lovers to whom the name of Thomas is an inspiration and who are disposed to accept without question any of his proceedings. No other entertainments of music have paid expenses, save the first two or three Rosenthal concerts. Mr. Seidl's first orchestral concert resulted in a loss of \$900. Chamber-music soirées, which have broken out with unusual severity, have been attended chiefly by the ushers, the relatives of the players, and the conscientious critics. Piano recitals and vocal concerts are given to large audiences of young ladies from the various conservatories, which are liberally provided with tickets without money and without price. The secret of it all is that the music-loving portion of the New York public, large and wealthy as it is, is not able to support the opera and all the other thousand and one musical enterprises set on foot every season. The opera has been doing a fine business, and that means that a great deal of the money expended by music-lovers is flowing into the coffers of the Metropolitan Opera House, where, indeed, it is well placed. But what is pleasant for the Opera Directors is death to the minor entertainments.

The management of the Metropolitan Opera House set out at the beginning of the present season to give the public a greater variety of operas than it gave last winter, and a company was engaged for that purpose. Mr. Alvary, the young German tenor, was re-engaged to sing in the Wagner operas, while Mr. Julius Perotti, a tenore robusto with a remarkably high voice, was secured for the French and Italian operas. Frau Morau-Olden, a popular dramatic soprano of Germany, was brought over for the heavy work; and for the Elsa, Eva, and similar lighter rôles, Miss Katti Bettaque, who sang at Bayreuth last summer, was engaged. The coloratur soprano was Miss Alma Föhstroem. Mr. Fischer remained the chief basso and Mr. Robinson one of the baritones, two new ones—Messrs. Grinauer and Beck—being brought over. Mmes. Felicie Koschoska and Hedwig Reil were engaged as contraltos.

It was a company of great apparent promise; but, if the management had not provided a reserve force, the season would certainly have been unhappy. Miss Föhstroem's engagement was for only half the season, Miss Marie Schroeder-Haufstängel, an excellent singer, being under contract to succeed her. The admirable Miss Lilli Lehmann was also secured for the latter half of the subscription, and when she came she brought her husband, Mr. Paul Kalisch, who stepped into one of the most threatening gaps of the season.

The opening performance of *The Huguenots* on November 28 revealed a number of interesting facts. The most important was that, while Frau Morau-Olden possessed a surprisingly rich and powerful voice and plenty of dramatic power, she was wholly unable to preserve friendly relations with the pitch, and her vocal method was ruined by a constant employment of the *portamento*. Miss Föhstroem's voice proved to be entirely too light for the spacious Metropolitan, and her *fortitude* was seldom audible beyond the prompter's hood. Miss Koschoska sang Urban neatly and with commendable judgment; but her voice, too, was hardly strong enough for the house. Mr. Grinauer appeared as De Nevers, and proved to be a singer of moderate ability. Mr. Mödinger sang St. Bris just once, and thereafter retired into a position of less prominence. Mr. Perotti astounded the audience with the power and extent of his upper register; but his singing was found to be wholly devoid of variety or sentiment, and his acting about as significant and graceful as that of a marionette. Mr. Fischer's Marcel was, as heretofore, a fine piece of work, though the music is too low for him.

The prospect was not wholly pleasing, but fortunately the second night on which *Lohengrin* was given resulted better. Miss Bettaque—a handsome, graceful woman, with an easy way of falling into picturesque poses, with a sound and resonant soprano voice, and an unaffected style—made a most agreeable impression as Elsa. Mr. Alvary was a good Lohengrin, Mr. Fischer a noble King, Mr. Grinauer a tolerable Telramund, and Mr. Beck a fair Herald. The only failure of the evening was that of Miss Hedwig Reil, who, as Ortrud, displayed a fine voice and an abominable method. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted this opera for the first time with excellent skill.

William Tell was produced the following week. Mr. Perotti made a hit as Arnold, singing with great vigour and hurling out all kinds of high notes all the way up to a splendidly sounded C sharp. Mr. Fischer sang the small rôle of Walter, and Mr. Robinson was the Tell. These three men gave one of the best, if not the very best, renderings of the famous trio ever heard in New York.

Siegfried was given on December 21, and was ruined by the execrable work of Herr Sedlmayer as Mime, and Frau Morau-Olden as Brunnhilde.

Das Rheingold was produced for the first time in America on January 5. It was performed with one intermission after the second scene. The production was admirable, the scenery being among the most beautiful ever exhibited in New York. The first set, representing the depths of the Rhine, was especially effective. As a whole the performance was good. The hit of the evening was Mr. Beck's Alberich, which was a superb piece of dramatic declamation. The remainder of the cast was as follows:—Wotan,

Fischer; Mime, Sedlmayer; Donner, Grinauer; Froh, Mittelhauser; Fafner, Weiss; Fasolt, Mödinger; Loge, Alvary; Fricka, Morau-Olden; Freia, Bettaque; Erda, Reil; the three Rhine daughters, Traubmann, Koschoska, and Reil.

La Juive was revived on January 21, and Miss Lilli Lehmann made her re-appearance as Recha. Her magnificent voice is unimpaired, and she sings with all the beauty of method and fervour of dramatic feeling that characterized her work last season. On January 30 the Paris version of *Tannhäuser* was given for the first time in America. Mr. Alvary was ill, and his place was taken at a few hours' notice, and without rehearsal, by Mr. Paul Kalisch, who achieved a brilliant success. His voice is not large, but it is sweet and sympathetic in quality, and carries well. His method is excellent, and he sings with beautiful—at times even touching—expression. His stage presence is good, and his acting manly, dignified, and frequently poetic.

Il Trovatore, *Tannhäuser*, and *Das Rheingold* were given in the week beginning February 4. It would be difficult to find many opera houses equipped with a company capable of giving such a programme. The most satisfactory production of the season has been *Die Meistersinger*, brought forward on January 11. Miss Bettaque, who sang Eva at Bayreuth, was excellent. Mr. Fischer's Hans Sachs has always been a noble performance. Mr. Alvary was commendable as Walter, and Mr. Mödinger astonished every one by giving a capital performance of Beckmesser. The Nibelungen tetralogy will be given in its entirety before the close of the season, and, as the public has so far shown a decided preference for the Wagner operas, will undoubtedly draw enormous houses.

Next to the opera, the feature of the musical season which has awakened the most interest in New York is the piano-playing of Mr. Moriz Rosenthal. He made his American *début* in Boston, where the critics were wholly unable to perceive his true merits. In New York only the *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Commercial Advertiser* gave just and well-balanced reviews of his playing. The source of confusion was his technique, which was the most wonderful ever heard in America. To enumerate the traits of his technique would be to cover the entire field of piano virtuosity of to-day. The majority of the American critics were so dazzled by this wonderful mechanical facility that they could see nothing else in the artist's playing.

The writers in the papers mentioned, however, wrote a great deal about Rosenthal, and honoured him with close and continued study. They agreed that he possessed a genuine musical feeling. The writer is of the opinion, however, that his musical intelligence is immature. This was manifested in his performance of Schumann's *Carneval*, in which his reading was erratic. He played the "Préambule" with superb breadth, dignity, and volume of tone. The "Eusebius" he actually interpreted, giving its delicious voice-parts their relative value, imparting to the whole passage a soft and organ-like tone-colour, and imbuing it with something of that wistful mysticism revealed to us in that particular mood of his own personality, called by Schumann "Eusebius." On the other hand, he played the "Valse Allemande" with a ridiculously affected *tempo rubato*, which deprived it of character, and he fairly burlesqued the quiet humour of the march of the Davidsbündler.

Subsequently at a concert of the Symphony Society he thoroughly established his claims to a high rank among pianists by his beautifully poetic interpretation of Chopin's E minor Concerto. His phenomenal technique he exhibited at several recitals in Liszt rhapsodies, Chopin's D flat Valse played in thirds, Liszt's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, and Brahms's variations on a theme by Paganini—a stupendously difficult work. His performance of the last was followed by cheers from the New York pianists, who all were present. Rosenthal is now travelling in the Western States.

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which almost went to pieces from lack of patronage last winter, has been reorganized. A substantial fund has been raised by a number of New York music-lovers, and the noted leader is giving a series of ten concerts at Chickering Hall. The newspaper talk about the lack of support aroused new interest, and the concerts thus far have been among the few successful ventures of the season. The newly-organized orchestra is a good organization, and contains some accomplished virtuosi. Mr. Max Bendix, first violin, is a young man whose tone and intonation are excellent, and who plays with great taste and plenty of spirit. He has performed Mendelssohn's Concerto, one of Molique's, and a number of smaller solo works with success this winter. The first cello, Mr. Victor Herbert, is the finest solo 'cellist in America. At the opening concert of the series he and Mr. Bendix gave a fine performance of Brahms's difficult and thankless Concerto for Violin and Cello. The violinist who shares the first desk with Mr. Bendix is Mr. Naham Franko, the most accomplished of American viola-players. His performance of the obbligate in Berlioz's *Childe Harold* Symphony at a recent Symphony Society concert was admirable. Mr. Thomas has produced several interesting compositions not before heard in New York. He himself has been doing some excellent work in arranging for orchestra such pieces as Bach's F minor Sonata, written for piano and violin. He maintains the high standard of his orchestra, and it would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful performance of Schumann's superb Symphony in C major than he gave on the evening of February 5.

THE SELBORNE SOCIETY.

THE Selborne Society, now in its third year, has become an institution of such mark and still increasing popularity, that some slight sketch of its origin and progress may perhaps be considered not wholly uninteresting. Like many another undertaking of undeniable success, it sprang from comparatively small beginnings. A coalition "for the protection of birds and plants and pleasant places" was originated so far back as 1879 by Mr. George A. Musgrave, F.R.G.S., a sincere lover of natural science, and one whose name is familiar in the ranks of literature and art. This confederation in the cause of all that is beautiful in nature can scarcely be said to have been publicly known. But it was carried forward with great thoroughness and enthusiasm by the members of it. Mr. Musgrave showed himself ever on the alert to save pleasant places from being swept away. He greatly helped to stir up public opinion when, for instance, the tract of lovely Buckinghamshire forest known as Burnham Beeches was in danger of being built over and destroyed. The protection, too, of birds was actively engaged in; attention being directed, by letters in the *Times*, *Field*, &c., to the fatal havoc of that period carried on to the verge of extermination amongst birds of paradise. There existed even then a strenuous effort to discourage the traffic in birds'-skins to be worn as ornaments for women's headgear. It was towards the close of 1885 that the strong feeling of many persons in divers parts of England against this heartless, cruel custom, and against the wholesale destruction of birds entailed by it, found expression through protests in the *Times* by Mr. F. O. Morris, Lady Mount Temple, and others, and culminated in the establishment of a Plumage League. This so-called Plumage League was soon incorporated with Mr. Musgrave's earlier association, and became the Plumage Section of what it was determined should henceforth be known as the Selborne Society. Princess Christian gave her ready consent to be called its Patron; and while the cause received warm support from the late Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Marian Alford, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Mount Temple, and other ladies of influence and position, great weight was also undoubtedly given by the additional names of several distinguished men—names such as Lord Tennyson, Professor Flower, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Robert Browning, and Mr. Ruskin. Leaflets denouncing the practice of destroying annually millions of beautiful birds for the use of milliners were published by the Plumage Section in large numbers and distributed far and wide. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave exerted themselves to the utmost, and succeeded in gaining over some of the leaders of fashion as well as many managers of the principal shops in London. The fruit of their labours became manifest in a very sensible diminution of the obnoxious fashion, which there was good hope would eventually be crushed. Meanwhile the new Society prospered, and the work continued to push forward vigorously. Fresh members poured in, and were asked to do all in their power to aid in discouraging the wanton destruction of birds, the association relying on the energy and enthusiasm of each member and looking for success in the united action of thousands. In the next year branches began to be formed, the Bath branch, we believe, leading the way, followed in 1887 by Mr. C. Roberts's Evelyn Branch at Weybridge. The *Selborne Letters* (edited chiefly by Mr. Musgrave) were issued monthly during all that year. They contained papers amongst others from Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, Professor Henslow, Mr. Theodore Wood, and also from Mr. C. Roberts, who in the next year, at Mr. Musgrave's wish, became sole editor of the *Selborne Magazine*. In 1888 a stricter organization was determined. A Council was formed, and a president and vice-presidents, secretary, and treasurer chosen. The Princess Christian graciously continued to be Patron of the Selborne Society, but the Plumage Section disappeared in name, although the spirit of it remains in full strength. While by no means neglecting the several different objects, it will be seen that during the first two years of its existence this section, being the most urgent, was made to be the Society's chief work. It worked against a cruel waste of Nature's most beautiful living gift, to supply material for a tasteless mode, every possible appeal being made in the interest of philanthropy and of science. Of philanthropy for the sake of the poor and the agricultural labourers, whose toil is so often sweetened by the pleasure they take in the notes of wild birds, and who would not have their fields and woods despoiled (who does not know the story of the old woman who had carried her caged skylark with her across the Atlantic, and refused what would be to her a fortune from the rough Californian miners thronging her door, and listening entranced to the music of her bird?) Of science—for there is infinitely much yet to learn of the life-history of birds. The Plumage Section worked also in the interest of all who possess the true perception of beauty which enables them to take the purest delight in watching the ways and habits of the birds around them. It is much to be regretted that the vigilance of the Selborne Society in this direction has seemed to suffer some relaxation during the past year. That this has been the case may account in some measure for the revival we deplore this winter of the hateful fashion. All the eloquence of such writers on the subject as the Rev. F. O. Morris, Mrs. Haweis, Miss Buckton, Mr. C. Roberts, and many more who have sent letters to the *Times* and other journals, or have written in the *Selborne Magazine*, have somehow failed to hit the mark. Reason and pathos are found to be alike useless; the female mind remains unconvinced, the female heart untouched. A

vague fear, indeed, presents itself that only after the pure white loveliness and embodied grace of the persecuted egrets shall be lost to earth for ever, will the demand for their breeding plumes begin to slacken; only when the kingfisher has ceased to haunt our streams, and the tern our sea-girt shores, and our English fields and groves are silent as an olive-grown hillside on the bird-forsaken Riviera—only then will come to an end the, as Lord Wolseley puts it with soldierlike directness, "merciless slaughter of our feathered friends for the horrible absurdity of adorning women's bonnets." Even now the flash of innumerable jewel-breasted humming-birds no more shocks us in the shop-windows, where not so long since they literally swarmed. The world of fashion can hardly have tired quite of these brilliant gems, while still remaining constant to sea-gulls and the sober-coloured English song-birds. The obvious inference must be that humming-birds are scarcer now than they were when hundreds of thousands were yearly packed off to this country from South America and India to be sold in the City, the rarest kinds along with the commonest, being all retailed at so much—or rather so little—a dozen.

In the common phrase of "Dicky-birds," there seems to us to lurk evidence of a certain light indifference, which might be perhaps explained as the converse of all that is understood in French to be conveyed when they speak of *L'Oiseau*. In the former phrase there is a childish idea of birds as amusing pets, without any trace of the feeling with which we, dwellers in the country, should love the birds in our gardens and in the hedgerows, seeing in them a kind of ideal childhood which has power to brighten our days, if only we have eyes to see and ears to hear. Not thus did the lady of some Indian compound, of whom we have been told, regard the beautiful bird that sat on a branch and sang to her, she standing beneath the tree chirruping to make it stay and prolong its little melody, while she bade her attendant hasten to the house for her gun, and then shot the bird in order to wear it in her hat. It was only a Dicky-bird! Not thus did certain young ladies regard them who were overheard the other day asking in a milliner's shop, "What's become of all your Dickys?" And perforce the "Dickys" had to be produced and the hats trimmed accordingly. But, although the preservation of birds from being killed for adornment was at its first beginning the paramount solicitude of the Selborne Society, and must remain so until that object be attained, other subjects have no less claimed its attention and care. Subjects such as the protection of hedgerow trees (the peculiar glory of our English rural landscape), of rare wild flowers and ferns, too often thoughtlessly destroyed by ignorant excursionists, or by the wastefulness of collectors, and even of botanists themselves; of ornamental trees and shrubs, on all sides uprooted or cut down by the reckless hand of the all-destroying builder—and of old trees in the midst of towns, country nooks and springs; pleasant places endeared to our memory by their own beauty or old association; the bringing up of children to love Nature by teaching them to observe the trees and hedges and ponds in the neighbourhood of their homes. These, with bird and flower folklore, and a hundred kindred themes, have been treated in the pages of the *Selborne Letters* and *Magazine*. Good service has been already rendered by stimulating the direction of public opinion to gardens or foot-paths, or corners of old woodland, when in danger of being done away with and destroyed. Proof of this may be brought forward in the substantial aid the Society was the means of affording to strengthen the efforts—in this instance successful—to save the Terrace Gardens on Richmond Hill. Good service also, of no less value in another way, is done by arousing the attention of many to whom the study of natural history may have hitherto been but as a half-opened book; turning it aside at times from the daily round and common task into new and delightful channels of observation and innocent amusement. The ignorance concerning the most ordinary parts of natural history that prevails amongst all classes, even in these days of enforced high-pressure education, is no less true than strange. Outside the range of domestic animals, and a few perhaps of the more familiar wild creatures of the fields and woods, how little is really known, how few are those who care to inquire further into the story of their lives! Not many years back an old man digging in a potato-field was seen to take to his heels and run, crying out that the Devil was there! It was only a big harmless caterpillar of the Death's Head moth (*Sphinx atropos*) that he had disturbed with his spade. And the other day we heard of a servant-girl, fresh from one of the great manufacturing towns, who hastened to her mistress, begging her to come and see from the window a strange bird in a tree; she "thought it was a cuckoo." The cuckoo turned out to be a squirrel. The lady, wishing to teach her servant the difference between a bird and a beast, bade her remark that the little animal possessed four legs and two ears, and wore fur, not feathers. The next day the girl again called attention to a "squirrel" in the branches; and this time her "squirrel" was a large thrush! Such instances, of course, are strained. But, even with the best educated of our own class, there often exists a profound ignorance of nature arising from indifference or lack of observation. How many amongst us are there who know the names of common wild flowers, or who can tell at once by the form of its leaf the name of any tree, or who could recognize the same tree when bare, by its growth or outline? With regard to insects the ignorance seems still more hopeless. The simplest fundamental definition of genera, such, for instance, as the distinction between an insect and another crea-

ture of the same general appearance and nature, is usually as unknown as it is uninteresting. For the greater number of persons even the outmost edges of that world of the infinitely little are rarely crossed. Yet if we did but guess the wondrous world of magic mystery and splendour, of marvellous transformations, of secret unsolvable riddles that lie therein ready for our unflinching joy and curiosity, we should surely seek to explore its very inmost recesses. And yet we fear that, among the few who do so explore, the exquisite colour and markings of a butterfly or moth or other insect are too generally considered only from a collector's point of view, as the loveliness of a specimen, prized according to its value in the collector's cabinet. No matter how rare, every obtainable individual of the species must be secured to satisfy collectors; the Cambridgeshire fens must be denuded of the delicate green pupæ of the scarce Swallow-tail butterfly. Others as beautiful and scarce are yearly gathered for the London market, and sold for a few halfpence to languish in the dealer's drawers, or to be pinned the moment the imago shall break forth. To our mind a whole cabinet full of these dull and faded "specimens" is not worth the lost charm of one living, radiant butterfly, sunning itself upon the umbels of a yellow ragwort by the roadside. And who that has witnessed the sight can forget the dancing delight of a butterfly's ball, when the hot August sun at midday calls out a varied host to play and flutter joyously over the flowery fields or on the brambly borders of some Hampshire copse. A long step will be taken towards a healthier study of nature when her student finds his reward in watching the ways and habits of bird and beast and fish in all their unconscious grace of movement, clothed in the changing hues of life. The naturalist who loves every creature that is the object of his study, and especially if he be able at the same time to fill his sketchbook with faithful notes of each form and gesture, must surely be a happier man than one, like the great Audubon, who could find it in his heart to shoot at last the bird he had watched and followed through hours, or days may be, of woodland enjoyment. Lessons are needed, in the interest both of humanity and science, to inculcate respect for the sacredness of life—of life even in the meanest races. There is too much of killing nowadays. Birds are shot until the distinctive features of a whole district are in that line changed. Where are now the white owls, the hawks circling in the far-up blue above the fallows, the great shrike (alas! in these days he must be sought upon a lady's hat), the redwings, the kingfishers, the nightingales, that we remember in former years common enough in one short mile of Thames-side field and brake? Rare birds and rare butterflies are killed without remorse wherever they are seen; the farmer lays down poison for the rooks and small birds which are his best friends; and the gamekeeper clears off everything. Bearing upon this, and also on the almost universal ignorance of the characters of birds, their good and bad points, allusion may be made to a printed circular which recently went the round of the landed proprietors in a Northern county, calling upon them for united action in destroying the rooks. This time, the farmers, be it remarked, had been wise, and suffered the matter to drop. The accusation against the rooks is, not only that of multiplying too fast, but also of rifling the game-birds' nests, and picking out the eyes of sheep and lambs! The proposed line of action is, that "men should be employed at nesting-time to shoot the rookeries incessantly for the period of one week." It will be curious to learn the result upon next season's crops, if the wireworm's enemy be thus, in effect, annihilated. The Selborne Society is yet in its infancy. A fuller organization, an increase in the numbers of branches, and a system of easier communication with the central body of the Society and members who belong to no special branch, are details which at present appear needful, and which will be obtained in time. With time, also, the ideal Society which we hope for may be developed—when it will be possible to send out lecturers to lecture on botany, or ornithology, or whatever kindred subject may be desired, who will place in simple language the results of accurate observation before people of all stations, young and old, and bring them to employ their spare time, if they have the inclination, in learning how to observe. Knowledge will be imparted without controversy—knowledge which can but refresh and invigorate the mind that receives it, if it does not also help largely towards a more just appreciation of the relative position of the whole animal kingdom to ourselves, and of ourselves to it. The interest is untold and the themes are endless. All, however, should lead to good in its largest interpretation. From a memorandum of Mr. Musgrave's we glean the following suggestions; and, if any should be carried out, the Editor's able pen, and that of some of the foremost contributors to the *Selborne Magazine*, will be required to do justice to articles under such enticing titles as these:—"Ancient Trees and their Local Names," "The Chemistry of Colouration," "Wild Flowers in Design," "Studies on Rivers (Flora and Fauna)," "Peculiarities in Nest-making," "Unscientific Life-lore," and "Accidental Distribution of Foreign Plants in Great Britain," or "Hedge-row Lectures," and the "Use of the Phonograph in obtaining Records of the Songs of Birds." The subjects ought to be full of interest. The keen observer of nature will find out for himself many more; and all who are acquainted with it must value the Selborne Society as a means, among its many uses, of making known in concrete form the ideas and unwritten observations which are so frequently mislaid and forgotten in the vagueness of desultory meditation.

NOTE.—Since sending the above to press, we are informed that the little white egret alluded to, whose crest is sold by the trade

as "osprey," is not now killed. The birds are caught alive and set free again (to be operated upon another year) after their plumes have been torn out; a process said to be attended with great agony to the birds.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

AT Mr. Agnew's Galleries there is now on view a collection of miscellaneous drawings, in styles early and late, somewhat difficult to inspect with pleasure from their incongruity. Here are old-fashioned Cattermoles, with their elegant knights and dames, side by side with monotonous examples of Müller, and of that tiresome person, the elder Topham, various stony-looking Coopers, and a crowd of Mr. Birket Foster's conscientious studies of scenes and buildings. These elderly works seem to condemn the modern gaiety of Mrs. Allingham's dear little girls in flowery gardens, of the comic birds of Mr. Marks, and of Mr. Albert Moore's clear and brilliant costumes. Some admirable Turners are here, in particular the "Tintagel Castle," and a "Val d'Aosta." Even by the side of these landscape-classics we are not blind to the charm of Mr. Wilfrid Ball's numerous drawings of Bosham and Runswick. Here is Mr. Andrew Gow's "Garrison of Lille," and a careful study by the same artist of "An Amateur." For the rest, it is rather a nightmare to see Paul Sandby cheek by jowl with Mr. H. B. W. Davis and Copley Fielding in the arms of Mr. J. W. North. We doubt the expediency of these mere dealers' collections, in which art is apt to descend to the level of furniture.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Mr. Ludovici gives us his impressions of "London Life," nearly a hundred drawings, most of them grey in tone and sad in sentiment. The collection is grouped in subjects, and the treatment is very Italian, rather interesting, bold, slight, and decidedly vulgar. The painter has determined that he will see no London that is not grey and dirty, and the seamy side of life preponderates. Mr. Ludovici's imagination is haunted to excess by the ballet-girl; he sees her at full length and in full dress, in half dress and at half length. He sees her quite small and comic; he sees her quite large and rather tragic. He enjoys destroying our illusion in her, and he likes painting a fairy at lunch, with her white fluffy skirts held in by an overcoat. In all this he is true enough in his observation, and often delightfully laughable.

Mr. Ludovici has some pretty sketches, in Mr. Whistler's manner, of Henley Regatta by daylight and lantern-light. But the colour of flowers seen in the open air he is either afraid to render or he fails to see; what he intends for freshly-opened primroses look like faded Gloire-de-Dijon roses. It is the same in his dealings with the Zoological Gardens. The very parrots and macaws are toned down out of their apple-green and their scarlet into a kind of grey. On the whole, the general impression of Mr. Ludovici's genius is not exactly a fresh one. It suggests late hours under gaslight overnight and dissipated headachy mornings spent in lounging round the Parks.

Of Mr. Donne's views of "The Austrian and Italian Tyrol" it is discreet to say that they will afford innocent gratification to persons who have lately returned from those parts. The collection is a most varied one; it displays mountain-tops in sunset and in snow, glaciers, lakes, shrines in the Dolomites, and Roman remains. "The Schloss, Salzburg" (52) is charming; while "Early Rising" (85) and the "Facilis Descensus" (91) of Tyrolean climbers wading or balancing themselves through the snow or along steep ledges over glaciers are decidedly effective. "A Peep over the Chalk Cliffs of Beer" (111)—sea-gulls wheeling around over a turquoise sea—is pleasant in colour, and less conventional than most of Mr. Donne's drawings.

Yet another collection at Messrs. Dowdeswell's is Mr. C. E. Hern's studies of London churches. These are monotonous in character, and the distinctive features of each building are not sufficiently emphasized. The best is "St. Bride's, Fleet Street," which is shown very cleverly, as it were through a chink in the closely-packed mass of the surrounding houses.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown has been admitting his friends and his friends' friends during the present week to a small exhibition of his works in his studio. It has been a privilege to those who have been able to avail themselves of it to see pictures by this very distinguished painter, who is now almost solitary in his refusal to contribute to public shows. Among the works which Mr. Madox Brown's admirers had not previously seen was a large group, called "The Children's Hour," of a lady surrounded by her husband and three children. The smiling expression of the lady is pleasantly rendered, and the modelling of the heads excellent; the colour, a harmony of gold and warm brown tints, very charming; the gentleman, in black, being not quite so successful. "Byron's Dream," an old favourite, known well by the engraving, represents the poet lying on the grass at Mary's feet, while she looks down across a wide landscape, and sees along the winding road the red jacket, far away, of the swain of her preference. There were shown at the same time small copies, or replicas, of two of the now famous frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall, and the beautiful early drawing of Romeo finding Juliet in the Tomb, laid out within view of the doorway of a garden, and decked with flowers. It is well we should be reminded of the existence of this great artist, of whom, in his persistent retirement, we are apt to become forgetful.

THE FALL IN COPPER SHARES.

THE attempt of the Société des Métaux to manipulate the copper market has failed, as every thoughtful observer expected that it would. The Société is a large copper-consuming, limited liability, French Company. For a long time it did a prosperous business. But its managing Director, with much ability and great energy, has unfortunately a very speculative disposition. About two years ago he convinced himself that the price of copper was unduly low—so low that many of the mining Companies were working at a loss, and that in consequence before long they would be obliged to stop working. He argued, therefore, that the supply would be so reduced that the price must rise very sharply. And he decided in consequence that the time had come when he could make large profits for himself and his Company. Accordingly he entered into negotiations with the principal mining Companies, and, as he obtained guarantees for a certain amount from several great French banks, the mining Companies concluded contracts with him, by which he bound himself to buy their copper at specified prices. In this way he was able to run up the price of the metal, and to keep it for over a year about twice as high as it had been when he began operations. And at the same time he was able to raise correspondingly the prices of copper-mining shares. The principles upon which French banks conduct their business differ greatly from those of our own banks; yet it is not a little surprising that they should have given guarantees to the Société des Métaux in such a way. And it is still more surprising that, having given the guarantees, they did not take powers to control the action of the Société. Yet they appear not to have done so. At all events, they soon became uneasy at the way in which the Société was conducting its business, and they opened negotiations with certain great houses in London for the purpose of forming a Trust that would bring greater resources and a more business-like management into the affair. The great London houses were not unwilling to meet the proposals of the French guarantors; but they insisted that power should be given to them to restrict production if necessary, and to put down the price of the metal as might be found expedient. M. Secretan, the guiding spirit of the whole movement, was either unable or unwilling to meet the demands of the London houses. Some of the mining Companies having contracts that would run for two or three years, and having besides the guarantees of great French banks, are reported to have refused any concession. And M. Secretan himself was suspected, whether rightly or wrongly, of playing fast and loose with the guarantors and with the mining Companies. The immediate result was, that the negotiations with the great London houses were suspended, and that M. Secretan was told that he must obtain the modifications in his contracts with the mining Companies demanded from him, or that the negotiations would be broken off altogether. Meantime the consumption of copper was seriously checked. Consumers, believing that the combination must quickly come to an end, bought only as much of the metal as was absolutely required for their immediate business, and they substituted steel and other substances for copper where possible. On the other hand, the high price of the metal stimulated production, and the consequence was that the Société des Métaux was called upon to buy and pay for much larger quantities than had been anticipated. It is estimated that it holds at present over 120,000 tons of the metal, which even at 50*l.* a ton would represent a lock-up of capital to the extent of 6 millions sterling. And as every month showed an increasing accumulation of stocks, the probability was that the lock-up would augment from day to day.

This state of things naturally excited apprehension. The guarantors, finding that the negotiations with the English houses were dragging, formed among themselves an auxiliary Société des Métaux, the object of which was to take over their own liabilities, so that, whatever might happen, the great banks individually should not appear in the matter. This added to the general disquietude, and then speculators who had bought immense quantities of copper-mining shares came to the conclusion that it was time to realize the profits which they appeared, upon paper, to have made. The sales every day increased in magnitude, and with them prices rapidly dropped. At the *Liquidation* on the Paris Bourse at the beginning of February, the fall had already become so serious that many speculators were involved in difficulties. About half a dozen failed, and one or two unfortunates committed suicide. The difficulties were then tidied over by the assistance of the great banks interested. But shortly after the *Liquidation* had ended, forced sales began again on even a larger scale than before, and the fall in the prices of the shares proceeded more rapidly. The final result is that the shares of the Société des Métaux fell in the course of a few months between 70 and 80 per cent., while the shares of the Rio Tinto Company fell from about 27½ in December to 15½ or thereabouts this week. Every fall involved a new set of speculators in difficulties, and their sales in turn increased the fall. It is reported and contradicted that M. Secretan at the *Liquidation* in Paris this week was obliged to sell several thousand shares, both of his own Company and of the Rio Tinto Company, while the sales of other speculators are asserted to have been on even a greater scale. The alarm reached its greatest intensity on Tuesday, when the death of the Managing

Director of the Comptoir d'Escompte became known. It was at first reported that M. Denfert-Rochereau had speculated wildly and lost heavily, and in consequence had committed suicide. The suicide was contradicted, but turns out to have been true; and as the Comptoir d'Escompte is one of the banks which guaranteed M. Secretan's operations, it was natural that the Managing Director's death should have added to the apprehensions already existing. The panic would have extended in Paris were it not that the London Stock Exchange bought all the shares offered. According to a rumour current in the City, 35,000 Rio Tinto shares were sold on Paris account in London on Monday alone, and were bought here by great capitalists. And the buying was perhaps equally large on other days. Those in a position to be well informed appear to have convinced themselves that the Company is not only in a perfectly solvent condition, but that during the past year and a half it has made immense profits, which have enabled it to pay off a floating debt of about half a million sterling, and at the same time put it in a position to distribute very large dividends amongst its shareholders. And they further assert that, even if the price of copper were to fall as low as it was two years ago, the Company would be able to work at a handsome profit. At all events, they have given evidence of the sincerity of their opinion by the large purchases they have made day after day. Meantime the suicide of M. Denfert-Rochereau has so alarmed depositors that there has been a run upon the Comptoir d'Escompte. Of course the other French banks will support the Comptoir, and, if necessary, the Government will intervene. But the danger is that, unless in some way the confidence of depositors can be restored, the run will leave the bank so weakened that it will be unable to carry out the engagements it has entered into. The bank, it is to be borne in mind, carries on a large business in the East and in Australia, and is a partner in all sorts of syndicates and enterprises all over Europe.

What is likely to be the outcome of the breakdown? Most people assume that the guarantors will pay up their guarantees, will take over the stock of copper held by the Société des Métaux, and will sell for the best price they can get. But it is obvious that this would involve very grave consequences. In the first place, it would leave the Société des Métaux without credit, and possibly might entirely ruin it. But the failure, or even the discredit, of a Company with such wide-reaching ramifications would have a disastrous effect upon the Paris Bourse and French trade generally. In the second place, the knowledge that the guarantors had suffered heavy losses would sow general distrust. No one would know how great the losses really were, nor how they were distributed. Everybody, in consequence, would fear that a banking crisis might happen, and therefore would be afraid to trust anybody else. And, in the last place, if 120,000 tons of copper were thrown all at once upon the market, the fall in prices would be very serious indeed for the copper-mining Companies. It is not surprising, therefore, that all concerned are trying to find a means of averting what might, perhaps, be a very grave disaster. Representatives of the guarantors are in London this week negotiating for the formation of the Trust which was proposed months ago, and then found immediately impracticable. The idea of the great London houses interested is to form a combination that shall include the principal consumers as well as the principal producers. It is clearly not to the interest of consumers any more than of producers that fluctuations in prices should be very wide and very violent. The prospect of a heavy fall would deter consumers from buying until the fall had come to an end. And, if it were carried very far, the fall might inflict such losses upon some of the mining Companies as to compel them to stop working, and thereby so lessen the supply as to bring about a sharp rise in prices. It is, therefore, more to the interest of the consumers as well as of the producers that the price of copper should be kept as steady as possible, provided always, of course, that it is such as will offer a fair prospect of profit for consumers as well as for producers. Therefore the great London houses think it possible to reconcile the interest of producers with those of consumers, and to induce the principal consumers to give their support to the proposed Trust. Railway Companies, banks, and iron manufacturers, they argue, find it possible to combine for the purpose of preventing unreasonable competition and steadying prices; and why, therefore, should not copper producers and copper consumers? If consumers can be induced to take this view of the matter, there is little reason to doubt that the mining Companies will be ready to come into the plan; indeed, the principal mining Companies have given in their adhesion, and made the concessions demanded of them. If then great capitalists in London and Paris are willing to subscribe the necessary capital, it is not impossible that the Trust may be formed, and may tide over the present difficulties. There must obviously be a large capital, and it is still more essential that speculation should be excluded from the operations of the Trust, and that it should be conducted on sound business principles. If an attempt is made to keep up prices above what demand and supply justify, the Trust will fail; but if prices are regulated by demand and supply, then it may work successfully for a long time.

THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

NO writer of our times has done more to make Natural History popular with young people, as a recreative and instructive study, than the Rev. J. G. Wood, whose death occurred at Coventry on Sunday last. This able and prolific naturalist was born in London in 1827, and was educated at Ashbourne Grammar School and at Oxford, where he entered Merton College in 1844. On his ordination, in 1852, he was appointed chaplain to the Boatmen's Floating Hospital; and for two years was connected with the Anatomical Museum of Christ Church. From 1856 to 1862 he acted as Assistant Chaplain to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and in 1868 he became Precentor to the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union, which position he held till 1876. During the last ten years he lectured on his favourite studies in various parts of the country; and his lectures proved to be as entertaining and successful as his literary work. To name books so widely circulated as the illustrated *Natural History*, whether in one volume or in three, the admirable *Insects at Home*, *Houses without Hands*, *Sketches and Anecdotes of Animal Life*, is to cite only a few of Mr. Wood's numerous works that are common objects of the most modest of juvenile libraries. With these books mention must be made, however, of the delightful series headed by *Common Objects of the Seashore*, the title of which has passed into common speech, and become a figurative phrase. Mr. Wood's writings are familiar to every household, the cherished possession of all boys and many girls, the companions of all young collectors of shells, seaweeds, birds' eggs, beetles, zoophytes, and other objects, common or uncommon, the beauty and significance of which were brought by the naturalist's effective and sympathetic labours within the apprehension of everybody. No one knew better how to make themes that might easily repel youth, if treated in a dry-dust style, interesting and moving. While his books have profited and delighted a multitude, they may be said with equal truth to have suggested fields for many provincial clubs, and made naturalists of not a few persons whose tastes and powers would have remained unexercised if it were not for the pleasant incentives Mr. Wood's writings provide. Another feature not to be overlooked in considering their vast popularity is the high average quality of the drawings that illustrate the best of them. The present is the age of book-illustration, and Mr. Wood's books are in some instances remarkably well served in this respect. He was himself an excellent draughtsman, as those who attended his lectures cannot forget, while his style, always clear and attractive, and his skill in exposition, were admirably assisted by the illustrations of Mr. Harrison Weir, Mr. T. W. Wood, and other artists, who contributed to his books.

THE BAR AS A PROFESSION.

IV.

A GREAT number of litigants have lately taken to plead their own cause in person, and, indeed, the practice is becoming very general. We gather from some observations recently made by Mr. Justice Wills that it gives considerable trouble and causes great annoyance to the Judicial Bench, and in his judgment is much to be deprecated. Be this as it may—and, for our own part, we entirely concur in the remarks of the learned judge—it can easily be understood that the innovation in question is occasioning a considerable amount of anxiety in what is called the higher branch of the legal profession. Now we may at once state that we believe this anxiety is altogether unfounded, and that, whatever the Bar may have to fear from other causes, it will never be ruined from the one under consideration.

There are certain cases, no doubt, in which a suitor may be well advised to appear in person. If the case involves a mass of detail, each item of which is at any moment within his immediate recollection; if he is sufficiently clearheaded to understand the connexion of each fact with the other, sufficiently judge of human nature to foresee the issues upon which the case will hinge, and sufficiently man of the world to be aware of his own weak points and to evade them, he is partially qualified. If, in addition to all this, he knows beforehand the points of law that are likely to arise, and is prepared to argue them upon broad principles, without technicality or reference to decided cases; and if he has also an elementary knowledge of the law of evidence, he will then, in all probability, be as well able to conduct his own case as the majority of counsel could do it for him. But then this is simply to say that he is as fully qualified to practise as are many members of the Bar. And, with the exception of a well-known financier (whose conduct of his own case won for him a well-deserved compliment from every judge before whom he appeared) and of one or two other persons, we know of few litigants in person, however generally accomplished, who would not have acted more wisely had they availed themselves of the assistance of counsel. No one ever denied the litigant to whom we have referred the possession of great ability, immense fertility and facility—qualities too often confounded—power of lucid expression, and a singularly good memory. In addition to this, he had a considerable knowledge of legal practice, and it is the points of practice that are, after all, the chief difficulty of the litigant in person. He calls witnesses to prove matters as to which he has

omitted to cross-examine, or he introduces new matter into re-examination, or in some other way puts himself at a disadvantage by breaking wholesome rules of procedure, the only object of which is to prevent needless waste of the public time. It is intelligible, of course, that a man who thoroughly understands his own case, and who thinks himself competent to do so, should prefer to appear for himself. Similarly, people who believe that they understand their own constitution, and can diagnose their own complaints, and who have a certain smattering of medicine, are apt to prescribe for themselves. The result, however, is seldom satisfactory.

The financier in question, as we have said, was one of those exceptions that prove the rule. The bulk of litigants in person appear because the case involves some special grievance, of which they wish to give their own version in their own way. And in nine cases out of ten this is about the most unwise course that they could possibly adopt. In that entertaining little work, *Scientille Juris*, the author very truly observes that a counsel "may gain for a man sympathy by putting to him in a leading question a list of all the misfortunes he has suffered, while he would tire and disgust every one should you leave him to relate them, as he would certainly do at the first opportunity." Many a litigant in person has ruined an excellent case by tiring out the judge and jury by a wearisome iteration of his alleged wrongs. The practice is not likely to increase. Experience must inevitably demonstrate its dangers. Business men, who supply those great mercantile cases which are the main support of the Bar, have rarely either the time or the inclination to appear in person. And for a joint-stock Company to do so, or to delegate its functions to one of its directors or to its secretary, is in the first case physically, and in the second legally, impossible.

There are, as we have admitted, of course exceptions. The forensic successes of one or two lady litigants are too notorious to require more than a passing notice. One of these ladies adopts the interesting expedient of herself supplying any link that may be deficient in the evidence on behalf of her case, and when called to order, as she frequently is, by the judge, invariably states that she wishes to get all the facts before the jury, and if she cannot do so in one way, she is determined to do so in another. It is scarcely necessary to point out that any counsel who acted in this defiant manner would soon get into very serious trouble; but the lady in question is treated with more or less toleration and leniency, and her ultimate victory is very frequently assured by her adroit manipulation of facts that are evidence and facts that are not. We are, however, very far from saying that many of the verdicts delivered in her favour have not been righteous, and indeed entirely warranted by the circumstances. Notwithstanding the triumphs of a few successful litigants in person, we are far off from the ideal state of things in which every man will be his own lawyer, and it would be well for the members of the Bar if they had nothing more serious to contend with than the innovation to which at some length we have drawn attention.

Lord Beaconsfield makes one of his characters say—the novelist knew too much of the world to say so himself—that every man who goes to the Bar has his chance sooner or later. Nothing could be more erroneous. In the majority of cases no chance of distinguishing himself ever comes. The principal work of a Common-law or Chancery junior is for the most part done in his own chambers, or else before the judge or master in chambers, and such work, however admirably performed, brings no distinction nor fame in its train. A man may "go circuit" for years, but if he has no interest with the local solicitors, however brilliant or energetic he may be, there is not much chance of any brief coming his way. As Thackeray said, it is a marvellous thing that so many barristers "go circuit" at all. Anything more hopeless than the professional prospects of this army of briefless ones cannot well be conceived. Happily, many of them possess private means. Otherwise it is difficult to see how they would be able to travel from one assize town to another, unless they made the journey on foot.

RECENT CONCERTS.

ONE of the most interesting concerts which has taken place for some time past was that given by the Bach Choir last Tuesday. The Society has now been in existence for some twelve years, and it speaks well for the enthusiasm of its members that it should still continue the good work of performing high-class choral music, when it is to be feared that such an enterprise can be far from remunerative. Such concerts as last Tuesday's entail both a sacrifice of time and of money, and the thanks of musicians are due both to the Society and to its musical director for the opportunity afforded them of hearing so interesting a selection of Bach's works. It was satisfactory to note that the audience was much more numerous than on former occasions at the Society's concerts. The programme consisted entirely of the compositions of the great Cantor, and included two of his numerous Church cantatas which had not previously been heard in public in London, besides the great unaccompanied Motet, "Singet dem Herrn," the A minor Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, and the Sonata in G minor, for Violin solo—both the latter works being played by Dr. Joachim. Of the two cantatas, *Halt' im Gedächtniss Jesum Christ*, which came last in the programme, was

probably the earliest in date of composition. The work is written for chorus, solos, and small orchestra of strings, "corno da tirarsi," flute, and two "oboi d'amore." It was intended for performance on the first Sunday after Easter, and the subject is a kind of meditation upon the Resurrection. Every number in the work is a gem, and equal to the greatest efforts of the composer. The solo recitatives for contralto were well sung, though with perhaps a slight tendency to exaggeration, by Miss Emily Himing; but Mr. Charles Wade did not do justice to the lovely tenor solo, with its delicate obbligato accompaniment for oboe d'amore. Dr. Stanford adopted Spitta's view that the seventh number, "Friede sei mit Euch," should be sung throughout as a chorus, instead of as a bass solo, with chorus of sopranos, altos, and tenors, though in the original score it is distinctly called an aria. It may be presumptuous to differ from so great an authority as Dr. Spitta, but the effect in performance of the passages which are clearly intended to represent the voice of Christ, when sung by the basses in unison, accompanied by an orchestra evidently intended to support a single voice alone, went strongly to maintain the view of Mosewius, that the number should be regarded as a bass solo with chorus. Oddly enough, in the other Cantata, "Wachet auf," Dr. Stanford took a number which Spitta says is a trio for tenor voice, violins, and bass, as a chorus for tenors in unison. This work, which was written for the twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity, consists of a setting of a hymn from Philipp Nicolai's "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens" (1598). The most interesting feature in the Cantata are the beautiful duets for soprano and bass, the first of which, "Wann kommst du, mein Heil," has a violin obbligato accompaniment, which was played by Dr. Joachim. Both duets were admirably sung by Miss Liza Lehmann and Mr. Plunket Greene. The choral singing throughout the concert was excellent, and the performance of "Singet dem Herrn," an eight-part unaccompanied motet, the score of which fills twenty-seven folio pages, was a triumph alike for choir and conductor. The few slips that could be noted were more than atoned for by the general steadiness and precision of the singing and the good quality and correctness of the intonation. Dr. Joachim played both his solos in his grandest manner. He is never heard to better advantage than in Bach's Violin Sonatas; their severity and breadth are admirably adapted to display his classical style to the greatest advantage.

The programme of Mr. Dannreuther's fourth and last concert, which took place on Thursday week, did not contain any novelty. The most interesting performance was that of Brahms's Piano-forte Quartet in G Minor, Op. 25, which was magnificently played by Mr. Dannreuther, Herren Gompertz and Krause, and Mr. Charles Ould. The other instrumental numbers were Beethoven's Sonata for Piano-forte and Violoncello, Op. 69, and Rheinberger's Piano-forte Trio in B flat, Op. 121, a work which contains much that is clever and interesting, though at Thursday's concert it seemed too long to be placed at the end of a longer programme than usual. The vocal selections were the beautiful duet, "Vous soupirez, Madame," from Berlioz's *Beatrice et Bénédicte*, and the scene between Meshullemeth and the King's Children, from Parry's *Judith*. The ballad in the latter was well sung by Mme. Marian McKenzie, but the parts of the Children lose when, as on this occasion, they are sung by women's voices, and not by boys, as intended by the composer.

The Popular Concert on Saturday last was rendered interesting by the appearance of Mme. de Pachmann. The accomplished pianist played a Prelude and Fugue by Raff, Rubinstein's Fourth Barcarolle, and Weber's "Rondeau brillant," besides taking part with Signor Piatti in Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise in C major, Op. 3, for piano-forte and violoncello. Her playing has improved considerably of late years, but it is still somewhat unsympathetic, and she was unfortunate in her selection of solos. Neither the excerpts from Raff's Suite nor the Barcarolle of Rubinstein are very interesting compositions, and the performance of Weber's Rondo, though technically good, was deficient in lightness and delicacy. She was heard to much more advantage in Chopin's Duet, the performance of which was in all respects an admirable one. The concert began with Brahms's second Sextet, and the vocalist was Miss Liza Lehmann, who sang with her usual charm a Bolero of Dessauer's, "Le Retour des Promis," a graceful song by Mr. Arthur Somervell, "When fairyland is young," and a song of her own, "If thou wilt be the falling dew." On Monday evening a very large audience assembled to greet Dr. Joachim on his first appearance this season. Although the great artist this month enters upon his fiftieth year of public life, not the slightest diminution in his powers is perceptible. The tone is still as pure and the style as grand as it has been for years. The Quartet was Beethoven's Op. 59, No. 2, dedicated to Count Rasoumowski; and, familiar as the work is, it has never been played more finely than on this occasion. For his solo Dr. Joachim played a Recitative and Adagio from Spohr's Violin Concerto in G minor, accompanied on the piano by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The piece is at best not very interesting music, and it does not gain, though it probably loses nothing, by being accompanied by the piano instead of the orchestra. But Popular Concert audiences care generally more for the artist than for what he plays; and, as Dr. Joachim was playing, they were not disposed on this occasion to be critical, but encored his performance rapturously. He replied by playing a Scherzo of Spohr's. Dr. Joachim also took part in Haydn's fine Quartet in B Flat major, Op. 64, No. 5, and Miss Zimmermann

played with her usual finish three of Henselt's pianoforte studies—"Pensez à moi," "Hexentanz," and the familiar "Si oiseau j'étais." Miss Liza Lehmann sang Gordigiani's "Ogni sabato avrete," and two songs by Miss Maude V. White, "Un Fâcheux," and "Adieu, Suzon," the accompaniments to which were played by the composer. Both were well received, but the first is by far the better song of the two.

At the Crystal Palace last Saturday the only novelty was a Funeral March, written by Berlioz for the last act of *Hamlet*. It is the third of a set of three pieces for Orchestra and Chorus, published as *Tristia*, the other two numbers being a Ballad on the death of Ophelia, and a "Méditation Religieuse." The March is, as usual with Berlioz, heavily scored; but the choral portions are confined to a few bars, introduced from time to time. By a slip in the analysis it was announced that the parts for the voices would be played by the orchestra. In his directions for the performance Berlioz states that the chorus, drums, gong, and cymbals should be on the stage some way off the rest of the band; but, although this could not be observed at the Crystal Palace, the work produced a great impression by its solemnity and dignity, and by the weird effects of vocal writing and instrumentation. Of the minor attractions of the concert, mention must be made of Fräulein Fillunger's very fine performance of the air from Haydn's *Creation*, "Nun beut die Flur," generally known in England as "With verdure clad." Mr. Watkin Mills sang Meyerbeer's fine scena, "The Monk"; it seems strange that no better English translation of the words could have been found than the exceedingly funny one printed in the programme-book. To address the Blessed Virgin as "Maria" recalls a celebrated mistake once made by the unfortunate nobleman who so long languished at Dartmoor. The concert concluded with a fine performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the solos in which were sung by Fräulein Fillunger, Mme. Belle Cole, and Messrs. Charles Chilley and Watkin Mills. The orchestra was, as usual, superb; unfortunately the choral-singing was rough and coarse. The Crystal Palace Choir should be thoroughly reformed; at present it only spoils whatever it attempts. Mr. Manns's orchestra is so fine that it should be worth his while to train a chorus equal to it.

"PIGOTT AND I"

(By a humble Friend of Truth.)

PIGOTT and I!

That our names must be coupled I do not deny,
But the modest reserve of my nature is such
That I do not rejoice in the honour—not much.
I would gladly have rested obscure and unknown
Had gossip and rumour but let me alone;
But they will not; they force me to quit my retreat,
They compel me the tale of my arts to repeat,
That story of which you may say by-and-bye
That it's some of it "Pigott," but most of it "I."

Pigott and I!

Pigott and I!

Throughout to efface myself vainly I try.
I knew from the first that the letters were forged;
I knew they were dupes who their money disgorged;
I guessed at the forger; his wiles I divined;
I traced every twist of his tortuous mind;
I followed the plot from the hour of its birth;
I smelt it, I tracked it, I ran it to earth,
And that's—if I seem egotistical—why
The story of "Pigott" is most of it "I."

Pigott and I!

Pigott and I!

I lured to my house that conspirator sly,
I saw him alone, and with Mr. P-rn-ll,
And a few minutes after, with L-w-s as well;
I brought him to book, and I made him confess,
I foiled all his dodges with signal address;
In short, the whole web of conspiracy vile
I unravelled in such—ahem!—masterly style,
That 'twere downright injustice my tale to decry
As but some of it "Pigott" and more of it "I."

Pigott and I!

Pigott and I!

What! bribe the poor wretch to "confession"! Oh, fie!
I repel the foul charge, I reject it with scorn,
I'm as free from such guilt as the baby unborn;
But of course you may give a man money to do
Some act or another that binds him to you;
Why of course, if a witness has letters to sell,
And you make him your witness by buying them—well,
You would bid; and I thought, if I managed to buy,
The responsible man would be Pigott, not I.

Pigott and I!

Pigott and I!

I cannot conceive what induced him to fly.
I assure you that I didn't wish him to go,
Though he had but just made a clean breast of it. No!

Nor yet, though his flight of itself would convince,
And I knew not his tale had revised itself since.
(For that is the worst, 'tis not easily seen
When the breast of a witness like Pigott is clean.)
Still his flight was—suspicious I proudly defy—
It was all of it Pigott, and none of it I.

Pigott and I!
Pigott and I!

Who blames our colloquy with nobody by?
My innocent cottage is not as the homes
Of those midnight intriguers M-ed-n-ld and S-mes.
Suspicion attaches to them that he fled;
More still had he lived, most of all that he's dead.
Save myself and my friends, there is no one who's not
At the bottom of some diabolical plot;
Which, had he not rashly elected to die,
We would soon have unravelled, would Pigott and I.

REVIEWS.

SIR CHARLES MACGREGOR, AND OTHER BOOKS.*

IT is, perhaps, not strictly necessary, but may be desirable, to say very briefly that, in discussing *The Life and Opinions* of the late Sir Charles MacGregor, we shall not in any way meddle with, and shall only very distantly refer to, the unlucky heart-burnings which parts of the book have caused. Except for "verminous fellows," the abundant interest to be found in the book lies elsewhere, without even touching on these. For years past MacGregor was well known, even to those who had no personal knowledge of him, as one of the most distinguished of English soldiers, and as likely to play a very great part in the future battle of Armageddon between England and Russia. He combined, in a manner rare, but fortunately by no means unexampled, the characteristics of the fighting and the reflecting soldier. The popular idea of the "desk officer" seems almost incompatible with the nature of the man who, at Jarwa Ghaut, killed four Sepoys in single combat; and the same, or a kindred, popular idea would certainly not expect that the man who led some couple of dozen Sikh troopers against four or five times their number (some say eight or ten) of Tartar horse in China, and was spearing a Mongol when another half-blew his face off with a matchlock, should be the most indefatigable of military writers, hardly letting a year pass from the time he joined without some study of tactics or the like, the compiler of a huge *Frontier Gazetteer*, founded in great part on his own surveys, and the author of the famous "Defence of India," which helped so powerfully to revolutionize prevalent ideas on that subject. But popular ideas are not always or often very sensible; and, luckily, the union of *sabreur* and student is getting more and more common. One cannot help thinking with a sort of cold rage of regret how different matters would have been if Sir Charles MacGregor had been in command at Majuba Hill.

Lady MacGregor has compiled, if not a wholly judicious, yet a very interesting account of her husband's life, and if in some of the later chapters she carries wifely partisanship rather far in echoing the fancies of neglect which MacGregor (his own judgment perhaps a little affected already by the fatal malady which carried him off at forty-seven) entertained in regard to friends and superiors, this is not inexcusable. She has very honestly allowed her readers to see that MacGregor was, to say the least, *difficile à vivre*. Although much esteemed, he was never popular, least of all with his superiors. One who knew him in his young days declares that he always seemed in a bad temper unless there was fighting, or a prospect of fighting, when he was perfectly happy, and more than twenty years later he himself records (not amiably) that somebody called him "a grim-visaged Mephistopheles." At first, if not always, his Highland pride vividly recalls "the bluid of McFoy." His ambition, his consciousness of ability, and his keen military sense, made him a very severe, not to say a rather unjust, critic of others; and it can hardly be said that any one with whom he came in contact as superior, especially in this book, comes off scot free. He characteristically records on first meeting Sir Donald Stewart that, being a Scotchman, he is "much more reliable than men of other nationalities," and is enthusiastic about him. But even Sir Donald "catches it" before long. Finally, it must be admitted that he would probably not have been so good a leader as he was a chief of the staff. This is surely enough for any Devil's advocate. On the other hand, he had, with the exceptions of *bonhomie* and of generosity in his estimates of others, almost all the heroic virtues. As far as personal courage went he seems not to have known what fear was. The two exploits above referred to are mere samples of any number of feats of arms which he per-

formed in his early fighting years, and which he describes with an odd minuteness rare if not unknown in a man of strictly English blood, but perfectly distinct from brag. Nor was he, like some dashing fighters, remiss and indolent when there was no actual fighting to do. He had caught from Hodson of Hodson's Horse (in which famous regiment, after its name-giver's death, he himself did most of his deeds) the idea that the gathering of intelligence is almost the first duty of irregular cavalry; and he was equally untiring and successful in doing this, whether in an actual campaign, in his surveys on the frontier and in neighbouring countries during peace, or in his office as Quartermaster-General. Further, he seems to have been by no means deficient in domestic virtues. He did not care at any time of his life for general society. But when a mere boy we find him offering the whole of a rise of pay and a lump sum which his father had put at his disposal for expenses during the Mutiny as a contribution to help an aunt who had lost her husband; at the Agra Bank disaster, knowing that his father had money invested there, he telegraphed offering forty pounds a month (he was only a lieutenant) and the money lodged for his next step. He seems to have been devotedly attached to his first wife (whom he lost after a year or two of marriage), to his second, whom he married after a considerable interval, and to his daughter.

By descent he was of the Rob Roy branch of the MacGregors, and directly descended (unless we mistake the rather intricate account, not illustrated by any tale, of his genealogy) from Rob's brother. He was educated at Glenalmond and at Marlborough, and obtained an ensigncy in the then Indian army when he was scarcely seventeen, joining the 57th Native Infantry. It and he were stationed at Ferozepore (why will not writers of books which are meant to last leave the absurd new spelling of Indian names alone, at least in the case of names known to everybody?) when the Mutiny broke out, and, although his own men, mutineers as they were, were not of the worst, he had a narrow escape, and barely succeeded in saving a lady's life as well as his own in the outbreak of the 10th Light Cavalry. In this affair he kept off about a score of Sowars by himself till his companion was safe, and then "fairly hooked it," as he pithily observes. He was present at the taking of Delhi, though he came up too late for the actual assault. Then he fought at Kanauj, Narnul, and Patiali, at the last place paying off old scores by killing, after something more like a hard fight than usual, one of his enemies of the Light Cavalry, the 2nd, but not the 10th. He distinguished himself greatly at Lucknow, being still not eighteen, and still more in command of detachments of Hodson's Horse at Daryabad and Jarwa. In one of his fights an eyewitness says "He came out of it with his long boots all slashed to pieces and his horse wounded in a dozen places. He had charged ahead of his men right into the enemy." But he makes no boast of all these fights (though he describes them famously), and constantly comments on the Sepoys' cowardice, while he is quite shocked at a habit which some of his own comrades had of wearing mail gauntlets and leg-pieces, urging the importance of being on equal terms only with the native Sowars, who were expected to follow without such protection. He did not get much promotion for all this, and was glad when the Chinese War broke out to volunteer for Fane's Irregular Horse. Here he did the brilliant thing above referred to, thereby saving a half-battery of guns from at least temporary capture. But he did not get on well with his chief, especially in a matter not distinctly recounted here, about the flogging of a Sowar which MacGregor protested against. Then he continued to serve pacifically for three years in Hodson's Horse, making a study of the science of irregular cavalry, becoming known in Calcutta as "the wild-looking man who gallops at such a rate" (he was much later in life extremely severe on Sir Frederick Roberts for a similar habit), and getting himself attached for a time to the Seventh Dragoon Guards, in order to learn regular cavalry work and drill. One of the innumerable changes in the then continuous reconstruction of the Indian army disestablished him, after a fashion. But he served as brigade-major in the Bhootan campaign of 1864-5, whereof he also became the official historian, and his unofficial remarks in reference to which have caused much ire. He got his fifth wound in this affair, and, though it seemed at first a slight one, it brought on fever and other troublesome sequelæ. The historical, or reporting, work referred to took up most of 1866, and then MacGregor was invalided home. Of this he took advantage to volunteer for the Abyssinian expedition, and served through it as the best way of recovering his health. On his return to India he was set to work on the *Frontier Gazetteer*, which occupied him for some six years, not with mere compilation, but with actual surveying; and he married in 1869.

The later events of his life—his wanderings in Central Asia, his work as chief of the Staff, and afterwards Brigadier under Sir Frederick Roberts in Afghanistan, his Quartermaster-Generalship, and the famous "Defence of India" which caused such horror and wrath in the minds of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues—are much better known than this earlier part of his life; and there is no need to go through them in equal detail. On many points MacGregor's views, which are illustrated here by letters to all sorts of persons, may be disputable. The great thing in his favour is that no one except the present Indian Commander-in-Chief can be said to have had so much to do with disturbing the old happy-go-lucky condition of things, and getting the Government of India to prepare, and even Englishmen in some small

* *The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, K.C.B., &c.* Edited by Lady MacGregor. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1889.

Northern Afghanistan. By Major C. E. Yate. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

The Evil of the East. By Keslin Bey. London: Vizetelly.

The Decline of British Prestige in the East. By Selin Faris. London: Fisher Unwin.

measure to understand and take an interest in, regular schemes of offensive defence against enemies coming from the North and West. It is sufficient to quote the words of Sir Frederick Roberts, who had himself been Quartermaster-General before MacGregor, to the effect that it was during MacGregor's incumbency that "the Indian Intelligence Department made the strides which it has made, and that its present system is chiefly owing to him." The arrangement of an enduring memorial to this good servant of the Queen, whatever minor errors of judgment it may here and there display, does Lady MacGregor great credit; and the first volume, at any rate, is one of the most interesting of recent military biographies.

The three other books on our list deserve slighter notice. Major Yate did not ill to collect his newspaper letters on the Afghan Boundary Commission, and the book (all the more so that it has a good map) will be useful for consultation. But a considerably shorter account would have served for a business which, while it is disagreeable enough to English pride, was not very eventful. That Russian officers are very pleasant company we knew before (by the way, it must have been at some of the convivial meetings here recorded that the celebrated boots, which are said to figure as a trophy at Merv or somewhere thereabouts, were peaceably obtained). That not a single member of a Commission formed with such an object should be able to speak Russian is very characteristic of England. But, we repeat, the subject of the book is rather unpleasant (which is not the author's fault), and the treatment is in great need of compression (which is).

The Evil of the East, translated from the French, is one of those volumes, half of travel and half of politics, with a little dash of something like fiction, a studious avoidance of definite dates, and a vast army of miscellaneous gossip, which are common in that language. It cannot be said to be a very profitable book, even where it is not spiced with what our ancestors used to call "Tumtedy"; but it is evident that the writer knows his facts, even if he has seasoned them rather highly. He writes from a French point of view chiefly, but seems to have a rather unusual belief in the future of Greece.

Another Orientally-named person, but less unknown, Selim Faris, has a more limited subject. His book is, despite its general title, a plea for a modification of English relations with Egypt, especially by a closer drawing of the bonds between England and Turkey in the Khedive's country. It is not ill worth perusal, but is rather a brochure for passing reading than a book for the shelf.

NOVELS.*

EVERY variety of story is to be found in the accompanying list of novels—the sensational, the political, the religious, and the purely domestic. Among them all we are glad to see Mrs. Oliphant holding her old place, though the device of publishing many short stories under one name is hardly perhaps to be commended. Of course the public has only itself to thank for such things. It demands three-volume novels, and will be satisfied with nothing else—except blood-curdling shilling tales. So it gets what it wants externally, and, when it sits down laboriously and uncritically to a minute description of the wooing of two exceedingly commonplace love-birds, finds that it has been tricked after all into having to learn the names of a fresh set of characters over and over again. Some of these stories of Mrs. Oliphant's have appeared before, and the best told is the last, "My Faithful Johnnie." There is nothing in the least new or uncommon about it; but the attraction and the pathos it undoubtedly has arise from the fact that the same dreary tragedy is repeated daily in thousands of lives. Young men, of course, take their own way in their love affairs; but how many girls are still, like Ellen Harwood, sacrificed yearly to the selfishness of their parents, which, in spite of all that is written to the contrary, is frequently greater than the selfishness of youth! In "The Stockbroker at Dinglewood" Mrs. Oliphant has drawn with her usual truth and skill a picture of happy, good-hearted, unrefined young people, who cannot see any reason why a widow lady of small income should mind receiving a present of champagne for a croquet party, or the assistance of a powdered footman. And the colour of their lavish prosperity is heightened by a few rapid touches, showing its effect on the poor well-born Lottie Stoke, whose privations have taught her to condone any vulgarity that is glossed over with money, and who schemes to attract a rich man, whom she ultimately falls in love with and marries, but only when he has become poor. In "My Neighbour Nelly" Mrs. Oliphant has not been quite so successful. It is the love-story of a young man in the navy (captain at twenty-seven!), who, after visiting for some weeks in a very intimate and confined society, proposes by

letter to the wrong sister, and never finds it out till he comes, two months later, to spend Christmas in her father's house. Now, under the circumstances described, this would be perfectly impossible. The girls were absolutely unlike, and even if they always spoke of each other as "Sister," which is highly improbable, the outside world, on whose lawns they met, would certainly not be able to address them or refer to them in that way. Neither is it conceivable that a young man could correspond with his ladylove for two months, and not be aware whether her name was M. or N.—Martha or Nelly. She must have signed her letters, and by that means he would have discovered his mistake before the wrong damsel throws herself into his arms on Christmas Eve. Once the fact is forced upon him, he behaves in a very natural, manlike, and unmanly manner, and runs away, trusting to circumstances to get him out of the scrape, which they do. "The Scientific Gentleman" has nothing to do with its title, but shows in a very lively and amusing way how difficult it is to dislodge an unwelcome guest, and how rarely such people feel any gratitude for the trouble they have given and the attentions which they have taken for granted. Altogether the book is an agreeable disappointment, and is full of many good short stories, instead of one dull long one.

The person who, like Mr. Lecky, Miss Lawless, or Mr. Maginn, can write sense on the subject of Ireland deserves the thanks of his country. Fitzgerald the Fenian is a young Nationalist who, fifteen or twenty years ago, is sent to Dartmoor for five years for being concerned in a Fenian plot, and, after sitting for some time as an Irish member, ends his days—as far as we know—as a successful lawyer at the English Bar. He is well described by one who knows the Irish character and the way that events have shaped the people during the last few years. Soon after the story begins the people are rejoicing in the transfer of the property from the hands of a needy Irish peer who resorts to every trick he can think of to raise his rents, into those of an English colonel who is content with what he can justly get. Before we close the book the Colonel's tenants are burning his ricks and attempting to blow up his house. Fitzgerald's patriotism, even if mistaken, is of a sensible and comprehensible kind. He wants Home Rule, but declines to take part either in obstruction or murder, and in the end narrowly escapes being murdered himself. The descriptions of the peasants and their ways are clever and amusing, and the negotiations between two fathers as to the marriage of their children are most divertingly told. A male friend is present to smooth matters down when necessary; but neither the mother nor the young people are allowed to put in a word. The whole is irresistibly suggestive of the interview with the Sheikh in *Tancred*. The minor characters, the informers, the plotters, the swaggering and ineffective Irish-American General, are all well done, though the eloquence of old Fitzgerald is theatrical, and strikes a false note. Altogether, the book is a fine book, a very fine book—as Dr. Johnson said of his cat "Hodge"—and will be of interest to many who do not agree with the opinions it upholds.

Miss Clavering may be congratulated on having so far advanced on *A Modern Delilah* that there is nothing low or vulgar about her characters in *Barcaldine*, in spite of the bad grammar that they talk. The subject of the novel is a case of mistaken identity—or rather of imagined imposition—which turns out not to have been mistaken after all, and thus every one is put to a vast deal of unnecessary trouble. The plot is as follows:—Young man Number One, Stephen Callender, handsome, and without principles, living at Melbourne, bears a striking resemblance to young man Number Two, Gerald Fairfax, handsome, and with principles, also living in Melbourne, and secretly engaged to Callender's sister, a fellow-student of painting. The two young men are quite strangers to each other, and meet for the first time on board a vessel on their way to England, where Callender is going to seek his fortune and Fairfax to visit an unknown uncle in Devonshire. They make friends, Fairfax becomes confidential, has an accident, develops a fever, believes himself a dead man, and entrusts his papers to Callender, who has nursed him, for delivery to his uncle. The idea occurs to Callender that, if Fairfax dies, he will enter into his skin, and pass himself off as the heir to Barcaldine. But these designs are apparently frustrated by the recovery of Fairfax. However, just before the passengers are landed at Plymouth, there is a collision at sea; only one man out of the Australian ship is saved, and he has a note-book and a handkerchief marked S. C. in his pocket, though, on coming to himself in the hospital, he gives the name of Fairfax. The rest of the story is taken up with showing how he was first received by his uncle as Gerald Fairfax, then declared by a fraudulent agent to be Stephen Callender, and finally reinstated in his rightful name by the recognition of his betrothed, who arrives from Australia. As will be seen, there is "much cry and little wool," and the construction of the tale is very clumsy. There is a vast deal of padding in the shape of subordinate characters and their affairs, and the English of one and all is full of ugly mannerisms. We will take leave of Miss Clavering by quoting two passages as examples of her style, the first taken from vol. i. p. 75, the other from vol. ii. p. 6:—"Williamstown, from the city of Melbourne, is about ten or twelve miles—that is, as the train runs, along by the shore." "Barcaldine, according to the old stone set up over the entrance porch, and on which was described the date 1559, was clearly built in the reign and style of good Queen Bess. So the old house undoubtedly was, and evidence of the visits of William Lord Burleigh, Sir Christopher Hatton, and other

* *Neighbours on the Green*. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Fitzgerald the Fenian. By J. D. Maginn. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

Barcaldine. By Vere Clavering. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

A Strange Message. By Dora Russell. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

A Witness from the Dead. By Florence Layard. London: Walter Scott. 1889.

Minnie Caldwell. By F. C. Kolbe, D.D. London: Burns & Oates. 1889.

notabilities, to Barcaldyne—as it was then called—were to be found in plenty among the archives stored up in the old library.”

The heroine of *A Strange Message*, Leonora Stewart, is one of those singularly favoured young ladies seldom met with in real life, who, being rich, beautiful, and twenty-two, are allowed by society to live alone both in London and the country without the assistance of a chaperon (or chaperone, as Miss Russell prefers to call it) to protect their reputation. Under the circumstances it is no wonder that Miss Stewart got hopelessly entangled with a married man, who did not know whether his own wife was really his wife or only her twin-sister. In working out these complicated relationships, Miss Russell has thought more of the exigencies of her plot than of probabilities or of the credulity of her readers. She asks them to believe that the disreputable daughter of a French boarding-house keeper is so well acquainted with the niceties of the English language that she would use such a word as “unkempt” in her private letters to her long-deserted husband, and so ignorant of the orthography of her own that she, and her English husband too, invariably spell her name *Natalie*, with an accent. Then we must accept the fact that she has, unknown to her husband, James Biddulph, a twin sister so exactly like her that a mole on the cheek and two on the arm are repeated in both. Further, that the laws of nature are suspended on behalf of these disreputable ladies, and, when the corpse of the one who was shot at the end of October is dug up, in the churchyard, on the 4th of December, to confront with the living sister, decay had not even begun to set in. The whole episode reads like a repetition of the old comic song of the confusion of some male twins, and the final catastrophe that “When I died the neighbours cried, and buried brother John.” In Miss Russell’s story, however, nobody ever did find out which was the right sister; and it was not until the second one had met with a violent death that Mr. Biddulph felt himself justified in going to the altar. The affair of the twins is not, however, the only exciting incident in the book. A young Scotchman, Fraser by name, becomes rabidly jealous of Biddulph’s attentions to Miss Stewart (who is usually described, in rather an irritating manner, as Fraser’s half-cousin), and twice, if not three times, attempts to murder that gentleman. On the last occasion they both roll together down a mountain in the Yellowstone Valley, with the result of paralysis, and speedy death, to Mr. Fraser. When the characters are, for a short time, resting from their tremendous emotions, they are kissing each other’s hands, and trying on plush gowns. Miss Russell evidently thinks that no other material is fitted to adorn beauty, as no less than four plush dresses are described throughout the book. The moral of the whole story is that young ladies of twenty-two who attempt to live without the guidance of their elders are certain to suffer for it. No “chaperone” would have allowed Miss Stewart to continue her intercourse with Mr. Biddulph when once whispers had arisen as to an earlier wife, and if Mr. Biddulph himself had wanted to tell such an unpleasant story as that in vol. i. p. 202, he would have imparted it through the medium of the “chaperone,” and not to the young lady herself. *A Strange Message* is untrue to life, and not amusing, and does not inculcate a very high standard of morals or manners, and we cannot suppose that many people will find it interesting.

Miss Layard has contrived to collect a remarkable number of sensational incidents in the small compass of *A Witness from the Dead*. There is a well-born and not wholly penniless young man who combines the functions of criminal reporter for a London paper with those of an amateur detective, a line in which his editor considers him highly successful. This hardly seems somehow the sort of a young man whom a steadygoing Essex baronet would desire for a son-in-law; but so it is, and when the story opens the barrister and his young wife are in Brussels for the purpose of reporting and investigating a trial for murder. The victim was one of several women, young and apparently of good social position, whose mutilated corpses had been found on the outskirts of Brussels. Electric currents of the most pronounced kind play an important part in the story, and the London editor was singularly fortunate in laying hands on a reporter so peculiarly open to such influences and so amazingly lucky in coincidences. The mutilated ghost of a lady in a pink silk dress, discovered later to have been tickled to death, wanders at large over Brussels, and even shows a preference for the play. Its real home is, however, the lodgings casually pitched on by the reporter, where horrible and suggestive pictures of the tickling hang on the walls, the legacy of the murderer, who was an artist. It must have been disappointing to both the amateur and professional detectives that, after all their trouble and sufferings in the cause of justice, the ghost should step in and spoil sport by frightening her murderer to death in his hotel, just as everything was prepared for his arrest. But this may have been out of consideration for the baronet’s feelings, and also for the position of the detectives, whose evidence might have been looked on with some suspicion in a law court.

Minnie Caldwell is a religious story of the usual sort, although, unlike the general practice, a self-willed girl is not subdued by “love,” but is (morally) scourged into penitence by her confessor. This is rather a refreshing change; but it is a receipt that is only likely to answer in a few rare cases.

THE OLDEN TIME IN JAPAN.*

OF the political forms and official religions, of the philosophical systems and ethical codes, of the Far East we know, perhaps, almost as much as there is any profit in knowing; but of the springs of action, of the habits of life, and of the modes of thought of the many millions of China and Japan who would for ever live unchanged the lives of their forefathers, if only they were permitted to do so, we know almost nothing. To Motōri and to Confucius alike the people were a vague entity, born to cultivate the five grains, obey the dictates of Heaven as delivered by the Sky-child to his ministers, and by these through the magistracy to the people, or follow with unquestioning reverence messages of the gods transmitted to earth by the agency of the sacred descendant of the sun. No philosopher, poet, or annalist of either country has concerned himself otherwise than incidentally with the traits of the popular life that, under a seemingly calm surface produced by the pressure of authority and tradition, aided by the weight of secular ignorance, heaved and struggled with most of the emotions of humanity. But what was deemed beneath the notice of literature, and even of art, as time went on fell more and more within the domain of fiction. Especially was this the case in Japan, where Confucianism never penetrated below the *Samurai* class, and even in that class, owing to the persistence of feudalism, never produced the dead uniformity of life that has characterized more or less the whole social history of China. Even in the early *monogatari*, or “relations of things,” dating from the tenth century of the Christian era, we meet occasionally with lively portrayals of the more typical aspects of the world of common men—of the great world of the ruled as distinct from the smaller but more powerful world of the rulers. With the advent of the Tokugawa Shoguns, Japan knew a domestic peace that endured without a break for nearly two centuries and a half; no slight achievement, which entitles its authors, Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, to a place in the front rank of history. Men had time and inclination to amuse themselves, and, as nothing ever interests the mass of men so much as their own doings, art and literature began to draw their materials from the life around them, and the *Shijō* painters and novelists to portray and describe the familiar scenes of contemporaneous society, though never wholly discarding the archaic conventionalism that bound old Japan to Chinese models from the fifth to the middle of the nineteenth century.

It is almost a pity Mr. Denning did not draw his inspiration from the vast and little explored mass of the popular literature of the Shogunate, in which the social history of Japan, if not directly told, is, at least, most truly reflected. He has contented himself instead with free translations and paraphrases from school readers published by the Mombusho (Department of Public Instruction) without either facilitating his task—for most Japanese fiction is written in an easy style, with the Chinese characters explained by a running syllabic transliteration—or better accomplishing his object, the portrayal of the “days of yore” when Daimio and Samurai, themselves slaves to a minute ceremonial code, ruled with rods many and of iron over the millions of *heimin* (commoners), who did the sowing and reaping, the drawing and hewing, while their masters did the fighting. The three quasi-biographies—for they are not strictly tales—before us are no great performances from a literary point of view. They are to a large extent fictitious, but yet they are not fiction; and the picture they draw is less true to reality than fiction itself. Nevertheless, though not highly amusing, they are interesting; for, under all the exaggerations that load their pages, many glimpses may be caught of the old national life. They deal with the professors of fighting, a most important class among the lower gentry of the “days of yore,” rather than with fighters. But the professors seem often to have been principals almost as willingly as instructors, and some of Mr. Denning’s heroes spill a good deal of blood on very slight provocation. The “Life of Miyamoto Musashi,” for instance, which occupies two of these volumes, consists of a series of real and professional combats, in which bloody actualities are curiously involved with bombastic feats and trivial acrobatic performances, leading up to a *kataki-uchi*, or vendetta of the usual character. The biographical episode of “Wounded Pride, and How it was Healed” relates the wrath of Iyemitsu on being discomfited by a professor of fencing too honest to feign defeat, and the Shogun’s subsequent conversion to a nobler state of mind on witnessing his conqueror’s bravery in crossing the Sumida river on horseback during a great flood. It is, on the whole, the best of the three, the least sanguinary, and the most lifelike. “Human Nature in a Variety of Aspects” narrates the adventures of a peasant who became a master of fence, doing a deal of killing in the way of his profession too, but all for the good of mankind, and ends up with a judgment of O-oka Tadasuke, the wise judge of Japan, acute indeed, but inferior to many of those collected in that amusing book *O-oka meiyō seidan*, the Brilliant Decisions of O-oka (Tadasuke). The volumes are abundantly illustrated in the old Japanese manner, the woodcuts being tinted and of good execution, but somewhat Europeanized, and are excellently printed on Japanese paper, while, to give them as much as possible a Japanese air, they are bound in the Japanese style. They will be found very curious, and by no means altogether unprofitable

* *Japan in Days of Yore*. By Walter Denning. 4 vols. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

reading, particularly in respect of the glimpses we have mentioned them as affording of the various habits of life and thought that characterized the Japan of Iyeyasu and his successors. Mr. Denning's versions are readable enough on the whole, though to any kind of paraphrase or manipulated rendering we, for our part, prefer a plain translation. He could not better attain his object than by putting into an English dress, with such annotation as may be needed, portions of some of the well-known romances of Bakin, the friend of Hokusai and a genius to some extent of kindred spirit.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

MUCH had been expected from Mr. Warren's long announced edition of the first five books of Plato's *Republic*, and expectation has not been quite disappointed. We looked for a substantive edition, and we have received a first-class school-book. Mr. Warren has chosen to treat Plato rather as a man of letters than a philosopher, and his discussion of the philosophical problems started in the *Republic* is surprisingly sterile. Most of the sixty pages of introduction might have been cut out, not because they have been negligently or perversely written (for the statements are accurate, and the reasonings are sound); but because the paragraphs are so scrappy, and their coherence one with another is so loose, that they would hardly repay, even for examination, the trouble which it would cost to master them. The annoying thing is, that everywhere we can feel that Mr. Warren, if he had chosen, might have given us something very much better. The stuff is in him, but he has refused, or has not known how, to bring it out. Let us hope that he intends to produce in the future an adequate edition of the whole treatise, and that he will throw this, the first result of his labours, back into the melting-pot. In striking contrast with the introduction is the commentary. With the help of Mr. Warren's notes you may read page upon page of the *Republic*, and ask for no further assistance. No difficulty has been shirked or allowed to pass unnoticed, and if you do not always agree with Mr. Warren's conclusion, it is because, in his candour, he has himself supplied you with the reasons for dissent. A good specimen of his style occurs early in the book at §333 E, on *καὶ λαθεῖν αὐτὸς δεινότερος ἐπιούρας*. After discussing the various renderings that have been suggested, he remarks upon the correction *ἐπιούρας* from *ἐπιούρηται* that editors need hardly quarrel over the credit of having introduced it. Certainly it is not satisfactory, perhaps it is not final. Even better than the note on §333 E is the one on §430 E, a still more difficult passage. Mr. Warren has the faculty of putting his information closely without making it unreadable. He has delved pretty deep into the commentators, ancient and modern, and he knows how to reject what is worthless or superfluous—not the least important art in an editor now that all the ancient texts have been buried under an ever-increasing deposit of conjecture, disputation, and commentary. In Mr. Warren's notes there is life and shrewdness, and a con-

fidence which is not arrogance. He takes a special pleasure in tracing the transitions of a word's meanings, as of *χρυσόχρουν* at §450 B, where he writes a note which would give pleasure to everybody who had in him the makings of a Grecian. We need only add that in a field which Mr. Warren has found almost unoccupied by English rivals he has won a success, not complete it is true, but sufficient to encourage him to elaborate the *magnum opus* which is confidently expected from him.

Mr. Irving J. Manatt has made an edition of Xenophon's *Hellenics* showing most of the merits and most of the faults which distinguish the series of which it is a member, the College Series of Greek Authors, published at Boston (U.S.). It is complete and thorough; it is dull and verbose; and it is beautifully printed. To put the critical discussions at the end of the book, and so to separate them from the commentary at the foot of the text, is to give as well as to take needless and useless trouble. To discuss a difficult passage and to ignore the critical questions which lie at the root, only to dig them up in an appendix, is to do your work twice over. Beyond this fault of arrangement there is only one serious defect in Mr. Manatt's edition. His biographical and historical notes are accurate, so far as they have been tested, but they are desperately dull. The writer may possess sympathy and intelligence; but he cleverly dissembles his appreciation of the many striking and strangely fascinating characters, heroes and villains, who come into the *Hellenics*. Of the notes that deal with matters of syntax there is little to be said that is not praise; but a few of them are superfluous. The critical notes are judiciously short. An edition of the *Hellenics* which may fairly claim to be reckoned scholarly has been rendered useful by carefully-prepared indices.

A capital book for "the lower and middle forms of Public Schools" has been prepared by Mr. Inge and Mr. Macnaghten. Their *Selections from Lucian* have been judiciously made, and the notes are carefully written. There is just enough in them to stimulate a sharp boy and to help a plodding boy—not enough to make the idle yet more idle. Where the idiom of Lucian is not that of Attic Greek the difference has generally been pointed out; some of the notes might have been omitted, because they merely repeat what every master dins into the ears of his class; but they are short even when they are superfluous; and they are all, so far as they have been tested, correct as well as sufficient. To each extract a short analysis has been prefixed; not a crib in disguise, but merely an explanation of the argument in order that the Greek may be read, if possible, in the spirit in which it was written. The editors are well justified in saying that their reading-book from Lucian will be found an agreeable and profitable change from Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

The fairness of mind which caused some of the notes in Conington's Virgil to appear inconclusive was one of the commentator's great merits in the eyes of a scholar who was able to pick up and follow the hints which were thrown out almost by way of afterthought. But this quality of the commentary made it unsuitable for schoolboys, and to condense Conington's notes was by no means an easy task. It was executed with care and success, in Books III. and IV., by the late Dr. Sheppard of Kidderminster, in Books V. and VI. by Professor Nettleship, and in the succeeding books by Dr. Wilhelm Wagner. The last six books have been issued separately; but III. and IV., as well as V. and VI., have been bound together. It is to be hoped that the first two books of the *Æneid*, as well as the other works of Virgil, will shortly be included in this, the handiest as well as the soundest of modern editions. But what will become of the tribe of bookmakers for schools and colleges if the principle applied to Conington's Virgil is extended to other standard commentaries on the classics? This edition ought to kill the booklets which have gone before it and to stifle the many others which are ready to make their appearance in a world that does not want them.

It is a little surprising and not a little gratifying that Professor Jebb's *Selections from the Attic Orators* should have already reached a second edition. It shows that some success is attending the movement for widening the course of classical reading. Many a scholar has got his fellowship without having made acquaintance with the writings of Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, and Iseus, the orators from whose remains Professor Jebb has constructed this "anthology of Attic prose, from Thucydides to Demosthenes." The principles which guided Professor Jebb in his selections are stated in the preface to the present edition to have been, first, to choose passages from each author which, taken together, would interpret as completely as possible his part in the general evolution of Attic prose style; and, secondly, to be careful that these passages should also possess intrinsic interest as illustrations of Greek thought, politics, or manners. In both objects Professor Jebb is known to have succeeded by those who had occasion to see the original book.

Mr. Lupton's method of teaching the not yet extinct art of writing Latin verse has received the approval of many experienced schoolmasters, and he has been encouraged to extend it from elegiacs to lyrics. There is one defect in the method which can only be remedied by Chiron keeping a very sharp eye on his young Achilles. The method is to give a piece of English verse, and with it a paraphrase in prose which tumbles easily into Latin verse. Thus:—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

* *The Republic of Plato*. Books I.—V. With Introduction and Notes, by T. Herbert Warren, M.A., President of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Xenophon—Hellenica. Books I.—IV. Edited, on the basis of Büchsenhützel's edition, by Irving J. Manatt, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, formerly Professor of Greek in Marietta College. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

Selections from Lucian. With Notes. By W. R. Inge, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and H. Macnaghten, B.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Assistant-Masters at Eton College. London: Rivingtons.

Virgil's Æneid. With English Notes and Arguments, abridged from Professor Conington's edition. Books III., IV. By the late Rev. J. G. Sheppard, D.C.L., Head-Master of the Grammar School, Kidderminster. Books V., VI. By Henry Nettleship, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin at Oxford. Book VII., Book VIII., Book IX., Book X., Book XI., and Book XII. By the late Dr. Wilhelm Wagner, Editor of Plautus, Plato, &c. London: G. Bell & Sons; Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

Selections from the Attic Orators—Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, Iseus. Being a Companion Volume to "The Attic Orators, from Antiphon to Iseus." By R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Cambridge, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. Second edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

An Introduction to Latin Lyric Verse Composition. By T. H. Lupton, M.A., Surmaster of St. Paul's School, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Key to above.

Introduction to Greek Prose Composition. With Exercises. By A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Sixth edition. London: Rivingtons.

Latin Accidence and Exercises, arranged for Beginners. By W. Welch, M.A., and C. G. Duffield, M.A., Assistant-Masters at Cranleigh School. Elementary Classics Series. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

A Compensious Greek Grammar. For the use of Schools and Colleges. By W. D. Geddes, M.A., LL.D., Principal, late Professor of Greek, in the University of Aberdeen. New edition, revised and largely reconstructed. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

A Latin Grammar for Schools. By E. A. Sonnenschein, M.A. (Oxon.), Professor of Classics in the Mason College, Birmingham. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

A New Easy Latin Primer. By Rev. Edmund Fowle, Amesbury House School. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar. Revised and enlarged, by James Bradstreet Greenough, assisted by George L. Kittredge. Boston, U.S.A., and London: Ginn & Co.

Below it we have "Lalage lived by the bubbling springs (2) of Dēvana, dwelling in untrodden ways (*non trita . . . viarum*); (3) whom with rare footstep a suitor, with rarer (4) a flatterer, used to approach." With this prose paraphrase and a careful vocabulary to assist him, the enterprising schoolboy has no occasion to refer to his Wordsworth. He goes straight at the paraphrase and turns it into sapphics:—

Vixit ad fontes Lalage scatentes
Devana, non trita colens viarum,
Quam proci raro pede, rariore
Fautor adibat.

This danger obviated—how, it is not quite easy to see—Mr. Lupton's book provides an admirable introduction to the composition of Latin Lyrics; and the versions which he prints in a *Key* (for the use of teachers only) are all of them good and some of them admirable; as, indeed, they ought to be, coming as they do from old lyrical hands, not the least skilful being Mr. Lupton's own. In the Introduction there are some very acute and scholarly remarks, as well as a few questionable propositions upon the theory of Latin verse. They fly over the heads of beginners, but deserve to be studied by serious scholars.

Against many rivals Sidgwick's *Greek Prose* still holds the field and is not likely to be displaced. It has already reached a sixth edition, which appears to be a reprint of the revised fifth. Mr. Sidgwick has not quite incorporated "Professor Goodwin's now generally adopted classification of Conditional Sentences into Particular and General Suppositions"; but he has inserted a foot-note which pretty well brings his own classification into line with Professor Goodwin's. It should be added that the alterations which have been made in the successive editions have been kept within as narrow limits as possible in order "to prevent the confusion which often arises when the same class is using different editions of the same class-book." There is only one objection which can be urged against Sidgwick's *Greek Prose*, and that is not a serious one. There are too many exercises; a sharp boy ought to skip two out of three; and the sooner he passes from Mr. Sidgwick's "Introduction" to Mr. Sidgwick's "Lectures," the better it will be for his Greek Prose Composition.

To the innumerable manuals for beginners in Latin Mr. Welch and Mr. Duffield have added one more, as good as most of those which have gone before it. Cheap, handy, and neatly printed, accurate and well arranged, it answers the humble purpose for which it was intended. The editors take credit to themselves because the irregular verb "*sum*" has been placed *after* the active voice of the four conjugations. The next editor of another manual will proudly call attention to his grammatical achievement in restoring the verb *sum* to its natural place *before* the four conjugations. For some reason not stated, and not easily imagined, Mr. Welch and Mr. Duffield have printed the Conjunctive and Infinitive Moods in smaller type than the Indicative. Upon this, also, they seem greatly to congratulate themselves. Even in bookmaking variety is charming. The exercises attached to each lesson, no doubt, will help to impress it on the memory; but the editors are very much mistaken if they hope that their own or any other manual will supersede the "reprobated rote work."

A *Compendious Greek Grammar* is based, Principal Geddes informs us in the preface, on the work which he issued more than thirty years ago, and which he has now revised and largely rewritten. He deals chiefly with the Greek Accidence, reserving the Syntax for a companion volume; but in a short appendix he manages to convey a good deal of useful information about Syntax, as well as to summarize the laws of Accents and the principles of Prosody. Principal Geddes's strength lies in neatly packing things in small bulk; witness his *notanda* on the verbs *ἵμι*, *ἵδομαι*, and *τίθω*, "which form a group with six peculiarities." These are shortly set out, so that they can be learned once for all by anybody who will take a little trouble. So, again, with his arrangement of the anomalies in declension into anomalies by Defect (*a*) in Number and (*b*) in Case (these again subdivided), and anomalies by Redundance. That is the kind of teaching which goes into the head and stays there. It is free from the cant of making grammar easy. The easiest way is to take a good deal of trouble at the beginning, so that the work will not have to be done over and over again. Principal Geddes has arranged the conjugation of the Greek verb "not in fragments or clusters of tense systems, but in paradigms, representing the full array of each Voice visible at one simultaneous view." Naturally he prefers a pure verb like *παύω* to the *ῥιπύω* which most of us learned in our youth. Principal Geddes has produced an account of the Greek Accidence which is thoroughly accurate and businesslike, and it has been brought as well up to date as it is safe for any book to be brought which has to be used by scholars not yet old enough to plunge into the inner mysteries of the New Grammarians.

It has recently been decided by high commercial and educational authorities that the labour of building a knowledge of modern languages on a basis of Latin is not compensated by the results. The *Times* has wept and agreed. Against this decision Mr. Sonnenschein's *Latin Grammar* may be regarded as an unconscious protest—unconscious because it was published before Latin had been drummed out of "the commercial course of education." This book is one of the Parallel Grammar Series, "based on the principles and requirements of the Grammatical Society." The object of the series is "to find for the pupil a common point of view from which he may regard the different

languages that he learns." To form a proper judgment upon each member of the series it is necessary to compare all of them together, especially as Mr. Sonnenschein hints that he could write a whole volume in explanation of the principles by which he and his coadjutors have been guided in their work. Unfortunately or fortunately, we are dealing here with an isolated member of the series, and we must content ourselves with saying that it is good enough to stand upon its own bottom. It only deals with the Accidence; but the arrangement is clear, systematic, and scientific; not the less scientific because "stems" have been abandoned in favour of "trunks." For those who have not kept pace with grammatical terminology it may be stated that the advanced stem system is to write *urbis*, while the grand trunk system prefers the simpler *urbis*. To content yourself with undivided *urbis* is to confess yourself a grammatical stick-in-the-mud.

Mr. Fowle has already won his spurs as a maker of short and easy grammars. The *New Easy Latin Primer* is better printed than most primers, and as well arranged as any. There is nothing very new and nothing very easy about it. If there was, it would be a bad primer. The Accidence is full and clear. The parsing is hardly scientific. In the sentence *Fructus dulcem saporem habet*, Mr. Fowle remarks on *dulcem* that it "is the accusative case—not governed by the verb, for being an adjective it has nothing to do with anything but a substantive; but it is the accusative case to agree with *saporem*, because *saporem* is the accusative."

Allen and Greenough's *Latin Grammar* is a work held in some esteem in the United States; it has now been enlarged and revised by Mr. James B. Greenough and Mr. George L. Kittredge. An attempt has been made to incorporate "the sure results of the so-called New Grammar." That is to draw an invidious distinction; but in a grammar intended for practical teachers, even of advanced pupils, it would not have been wise to inculcate doctrines which have not been universally accepted. The book contains everything, or nearly everything, that "a mere scholar" need care to know about Latin Accidence and Syntax; in scope it stands about half-way between *The Public Schools Latin Primer* and Roby's *Latin Grammar*. Now and again the editors have allowed themselves to write or repeat harmless rubbish, as when they try to rationalize the genders of nouns. "In the East and South the sun from its fierce heat and splendour is masculine, and its paler attendant, the moon, is feminine." Compare this with the Northern nations, "where the sun (perhaps from its comforting warmth) is feminine, and the moon (the appointer of weeks and days) masculine." There is not much of this stuff in the book, and what there is has been put in small type. On the order of words in a Latin sentence the editors have something ingenious to say, but nothing that is trustworthy or conclusive. Their views may be supported by innumerable citations from Latin authors, and refuted by an equal array of contrary instances. Though this *Latin Grammar* is a very good one, and in some respects the best that has been lately issued, there is no reason why it should supplant any of its English predecessors. But it is pleasant to notice a book which testifies to the increasing and ever-widening interest in classical studies which has become a leading feature in American education. There is not much fear that a nation which above everything prides itself upon being practical will show any haste to turn its back on Latin and Greek—things that can't ever be any good to anybody. "Classics must go: Commerce must grow." So says Lord Mayor Whitehead, but the Classics are likely to last as long as Lord Mayors.

BRITISH UREDINEÆ AND USTILAGINEÆ.*

THIS startling book, in a brilliant orange cover, deals at considerable length with a class of organisms known as parasitic fungi, which are abhorred as being especially destructive to our wheat, barley, oats, &c.—not that either the *Uredineæ* or *Ustilagineæ* confine their ravages to the cereals, for species of them are to be found on almost every kind of flowering plant that grows and in every land that has been explored by the botanist; but the damage done by them to the crops of the farmer is so conspicuous, and touches us all at points so vital, that one inevitably regards the "rusts" and "smuts," and "bunts," "brands," and "mildews" of corn as the types of these parasitic diseases. As matter of fact, however, these parasitic fungi are particularly common and conspicuous on the gramineæ, or grasses in the larger sense, which of course include our cereals, and it is because they do so much harm to the crops that so much attention has been paid to them. Speaking generally, the *Uredineæ* are parasitic fungi with orange-yellow spores, and the *Ustilagineæ* are parasitic fungi with spores of some dark colour. Both groups, moreover, consist of very minute microscopic forms, are very infectious, and produce spots and excrescences on the diseased plants. Beyond these very general resemblances, the two groups have little or nothing in common, and we do not clearly see why the author has followed the antiquated custom of regarding them together. It is true he offends in this respect (if offence it be) in very good company, and after excellent example, since Winter describes the two groups one

* A Monograph of the British Uredineæ and Ustilagineæ. By C. B. Plowright, F.L.S., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

after the other, and the late Professor De Bary's celebrated "Brandpilze" of 1853 included both *Uredineæ* and *Ustilagineæ*. Nevertheless, it is well known that the more recent investigations have all gone to show that these fungi have no direct genetic relations at all with one another, as appears very clearly in the later works of the authority last quoted. We mention this because the author does not seem to give any reason for dealing with both groups, or to warn his readers against supposing they are allied.

On looking into the details of the work, much may be said in praise of the manner, as well as the matter, and the author has undoubtedly struck a manful blow in the interest of British fungus-love; by no means unknown as an investigator, Mr. Plowright here establishes his claim to be considered an authority on the *Uredineæ* especially.

The most noteworthy feature in the book is that it deals liberally with the "Biology" of the fungi in question. When, some twenty-five to thirty years ago, it was definitely shown by De Bary that the old notion as to the connexion between the Barberry-blight and the Wheat-rust was scientifically correct—that the fungus parasitic on the barberry is simply a phase in the life-history of the very differently shaped and constituted fungus which causes the rust of wheat—people at large were inclined to either take no notice of the new Daniel, or to scorn his views, and only the few highly-trained specialists of the day who were used to weighing such evidence as that brought forward, saw the enormous and far-reaching importance of the new discovery. Now, it is a familiar fact of science that many of these fungi are *heteræcious*, living part of their life on one host-plant, and spending the rest of their time on some totally different kind of plant. Such is the case, for instance, with the well-known Juniper fungus, which causes the "Cedar Apples," and which passes the latter moiety of its life on the hawthorn or the pear; and with the fungus causing "pine-blisters," which has been proved to be the later form of a rust-fungus common on the groundsel, ragwort, and allied weeds; and there are numerous other cases, so that we are suspicious that others of our common disease-fungi may be known to us by different names in two, as yet unconnected, phases of existence.

The biology of the smut-fungi has its astonishing sides also, and Brefeld's recent discoveries of the remarkably prolific spore-development of these pests go far to clear up the mystery that has so long hung over some of them. The author might have given a more explicit account of some of the phenomena of infection, even at the cost of a few of the paragraphs on details concerning the *conidia*, which, for some reason or other, he persists in calling "yeast-spores"; indeed (we state this in the hope that a second edition may see the introduction of improvements in this part of the book), the writer leaves the impression of vagueness and mystery concerning the mycelium and spores of the *Ustilagineæ* a little too strongly marked. It is true the subject is a difficult one, but it is not quite so mysterious a business as the reader may suppose who sees such a statement as the following:—"The manner in which the *Ustilagineæ* gain admission into their respective host-plants has been studied very carefully by many botanists, but is not yet fully understood"; the remark is only correct in virtue of the qualifying word.

Of the part of the book dealing with the classification of these fungi and descriptions of British forms it is difficult to speak here, because the real test of such work is in the field. So far as we have gone, there seems little to find fault with; and it is a pleasure to use these well-worded diagnoses. Exception will probably be taken by some systematists to the incompleteness of the synonym lists; but we rather welcome the abbreviations. Some of the little notes headed "Biology" are not to the point, however, useful though they are in themselves.

The plates convey generally the idea of excellent intentions having existed in the mind of the author, which have not been adequately realized in the hands of the draughtsman; but in some cases it must be remarked that better originals could have been found for the figures. A more serious fault is the modification, to no useful end so far as we can discover, of some of the original figures. For instance, why alter the classical drawings from which figs. 3 and 4, Plate I., and fig. 2, Plate II., were taken? Better drawings can perhaps be obtained; but these plates are not improvements on the originals. In other respects the figures are good, being well selected, and forming a fairly complete illustrative series.

Considerable credit is also fairly due to the author for his indices, always welcome additions to such a book. We are now going to find fault with a few trifling points which might be remedied in a further edition. The continually recurring reference in the footnotes to "Tulasne, 2^e Mémoire" is only intelligible to those who are familiar with that writer's beautiful monographs in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, and we would suggest the advisability of quoting authorities of this kind at full length in all cases, at least when first mentioned. It seems hardly necessary to retain the German word *nährlösung*, as the author does on pp. 17, 78, and in many other places, as, unless we are mistaken, the translation "nutritive solution" has been generally accepted in English, and indeed the author himself uses the equivalent "nutrient fluid" on p. 77. We believe the first reference at bottom of p. 19 should be *Trelease*; and would it not have been better to refer (footnote p. 23) to the English edition of De Bary's book? Is the reference at the base of p. 64 correct; or have we a misprint in "*Vergleichung*"? and

we believe another misspelt German word occurs on p. 104 (footnote); there is evidently a misprint on p. 73, top line, where 1882 should be 1883. We may also remark that Woronin is a professor in St. Petersburg. We object to the following description of the phenomenon of infection (p. 98):—"If the *conidium* germinate upon a leaf, the germ-tube *squeezes its point* between the two epidermal cells" (the italics are ours); and a similar expression occurs on p. 100.

We will conclude our querulous murmur with a growl of discontent which will at least assure the author that we have neither been bored with his work nor merely found fault with it. We should much like to see the twelfth and thirteenth chapters expanded, for the subject-matter (evidently a favourite one with the writer) is of extreme importance, and the few remarks on spore-culture and the artificial infection of plants already contained in these far too meagre sections suffice to show that Mr. Plowright has much more to say on the subject; and we hope he will have an early opportunity of improving this useful and excellent treatise in the issue of a new edition.

PHENICIA.*

PHENICIAN history, apart from the fortunes of the Phœnician colonies, is not too large a subject for one of the volumes of Mr. Fisher Unwin's series; and Canon Rawlinson's account of it is interesting as well as scholarly. He begins with a description of the physical features of Phœnicia, and the character of its inhabitants, pointing out that, while they had much in common with other Semitic peoples, they fell behind most of them "in the domain of thought, of speculation, and of ideas." They were eminently a practical nation, devoted to trade and manufacture. A considerable part of his volume is occupied with notices of their commercial enterprise, and in one of its brightest passages is pictured the arrival of a Tyrian caravan at Babylon during the period marked by the ascendancy of Tyre over the other Phœnician cities. It was, however, by sea that the commerce of Phœnicia was chiefly carried on; and the extent of her colonies, the variety of her merchandise, and the skill and hardihood of her seamen invest her history with its peculiar importance. On these matters Canon Rawlinson writes with clearness and vigour. Whether Sidon was the mother-city of Tyre or not is a matter which cannot be decided with certainty; it seems probable that it was the more ancient city, and that its prosperity had declined in consequence of an unsuccessful war with the Philistines before Tyre rose to the position which it attained during the reign of Hiram, the ally of Solomon. The relations between Tyre and Israel in the days of Omri and Ahab lead to a notice of the darker aspects of the religion which Ethbaal, the father of Jezebel, succeeded in introducing into the Israelitish kingdom, and which, under Jezebel's daughter Athaliah, took a firm hold on the Jewish people. Wealthy as the Phœnicians were, they did not become enervated by luxury; they remained an industrious and hardy nation, a race of traders and seamen. Yet they were constantly under the dominion of foreign States, for their country was small, and except by sea they were no match for their powerful neighbours. They fought gallantly against the Assyrians, and, after a period of subjection, regained their freedom when Assyria itself was threatened by the Medes. Then for a little while they seem to have been tributary to Egypt; Phœnician mariners sailed round Africa in the service of the Pharaoh, and, incredible as it seemed to Herodotus, saw the sun "on their right hand." A vigorous defence is made for the conduct of the Tyrians who dared to withstand the will of Nebuchadnezzar; "the credit of nations," it is well observed, "is not best maintained by always consulting expediency, and shrinking from every struggle in which they may seem to be overmatched." The Phœnicians must have had little to complain of under the Babylonian rule, for they remained faithful to it until some time after the troubles of Babylon had begun. Under the Persians they certainly enjoyed a "qualified independence"; their goodwill was of the first consequence to the Great King, for they furnished a full fourth, and, reckoning in the contingents of their dependencies, nearly the half of his naval force. The siege of Tyre by Alexander is told with much spirit. Apart from the argument that, as in the case of their resistance to Nebuchadnezzar, the citizens chose the nobler part in resolving to "make an heroic, desperate stand against overwhelming odds," rather than to yield a "tame submission to the menace of an overbearing power," Canon Rawlinson points out that "it is not altogether clear that, antecedently, their conduct could have been pronounced imprudent." They had good reason to expect succour from the Carthaginians, and they certainly could not have imagined that their island city would ever have been joined on to the mainland, that Alexander would have attempted and have actually carried out the formation of a mole across a channel which was half a mile in breadth at its narrowest part, and was deep and full of strong currents. With the fall of their city the history of the Phœnician nation is not unfairly held to have come to an end. Under the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and the Persians, the Phœnicians had kept their distinctive national

* *Story of the Nations—Phœnicia*. By George Rawlinson, M.A. Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, &c. &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

character and a certain amount of self-government; under the Seleucidæ their political existence was merged in the sovereign State, and they "became more and more Grecized." The volume ends with a series of chapters containing a clear and succinct account of the architecture and other arts, the manufactures, the language, and the literature of Phœnicia. The only extant specimens of its literature are to be found in inscriptions; but Canon Rawlinson has, of course, something to say about the alphabetic characters which the Phœnician traders introduced into Europe. One thing we have against him; it is that he sometimes forgets that every author, however much he may be indebted to others for facts or ideas, ought to write his own book; in common with some of his fellow-workers, he indulges in the detestable habit of helping out his text with long quotations from other writers. At the same time, his book is full of knowledge, thoroughly readable, and fairly entitled to rank high among the best volumes of the series to which it belongs.

POWDER, SPUR, AND SPEAR.*

WE can admit to a certain extent the author's deprecatory plea against harsh criticism on his language and style. He has seen various kinds of sport. He has stalked deer in the Himalayas and ridden after hog over a very rough, stony, and difficult country in Central India and the Deccan. His descriptions of jungle, grass preserves, and ground as hard as iron, are animated and accurate. And he relates his own adventures and those of his friends with a relish that time and distance have not impaired. But some of his stories deserve no more permanent habitation than the columns of a weekly sporting paper, and Captain Brown has not avoided a snare of sporting correspondents. They will persist in detailing the materials of which the breakfast or the luncheon is composed; they dilate on the temperature of their bath; and they never guff a fish without drinking its health and noting the address of their wine merchant. In three or four of the chapters there is nothing that we have not read a score of times. A day at the *bunnies*, Rough Shooting, and the first salmon, with the inevitable Highland keeper, his cautious comments and manual dexterity, have been so often told that we know exactly what is coming. There is the slackened line that tells of failure, compensated a little further on by the capture of a silvery fresh fish with the sea-lice thick on it. There is a little more novelty in the wider field of Indian sport; but even here it would have been better had the author consulted the works of veteran craftsmen who are also naturalists, and had called in a friendly member of the Staff Corps to revise the native terms scattered through these pages. He candidly admits that his Hindustani is "indifferent," as the following examples show. *Jan hy or hai* does not mean that "the animal is coming to life," but that "there is life still in him." *Tazza pi tazza* is not Italian, as might be thought. We apprehend that the Kashmir boatman into whose mouth the author puts these words was droning out the well-known *taza-ba-tazah* song of Hafiz. *Dowaha*, for the left in opposition to the right hand, must be a local term, if there is any such word at all. And a *gharry* is not a hack cab, nor a cab of any kind, but a vehicle on four wheels, called, according to the locality, a *shigram*, a *Dumdumer*, or a *palki ghari*. Captain Brown, who very properly does not despise the pursuit of small game, writes of the *chikor* or *chukor* as a hill partridge. This bird is found in abundance in the Himalayan ranges right up to the snow passes, and such an excellent authority as Captain Baldwin, in his *Large and Small Game of Bengal*, is unable to name any district in the plains where it has been shot. The term is, he says, often wrongly applied to the *Kyah* or swamp partridge, which is or was plentiful in many districts of Bengal and Behar—for instance, Maldah, North Bhagalpore, Purnea, Monghir; and also Assam. The *Kyah* is one of the finest of Indian partridges. Captain Baldwin has compared the real *chikor* of the Himalayas with our red-legged kind, and finds them very much the same, with the exception that the French bird is darker about the throat and has more brown on the back and wings. The development of the cross-bars is much the same in both species. Why sportsmen should persist in asserting that the common grey partridge of India is a foul feeder, merely because it is often found near villages, we have never been able to make out. This bird is much given to running, and utters a harsh cry; but though inferior to the black partridge in plumage and flavour, its flesh is white and it is quite fit for the table. The truth, we apprehend, is that grey partridges require a less range of jungle than the black partridge or the jungle fowl. The bird is easily tamed, and becomes offensively familiar and impudent. The males, as they get old, display spurs equal in sharpness to those of a cock pheasant that has survived two or three seasons.

From the diary of a friend the author has extracted a marvellous story about a spectre stag in Kashmir. We have no doubt that a rooted belief in the existence of a splendid and mysterious animal, proof against the truest aim, is common to the keepers in a Highland deer-forest and to the Dogras and the Mohammedans of Kashmir. But the picture of this phantom in the

book before us is much too solid, and the suggestion of the narrator that the stag had been magnified by the atmosphere, and that the distance had been miscalculated by himself, is quite enough to explain the failure of the stalk. The illustrations to the various chapters are fairly good; and the wild boars have, very properly, straight and not curly tails. But in the steeplechase entitled the "Biter Bit," which is well told, the draughtsman intends to show how a roguish surgeon comes down a crash at the last fence, while the subaltern, who had been previously "stuck" with a screw by the same doctor, lands an easy winner. Unluckily the horses are so drawn that the successful rider as he clears the fence must inevitably land on the fallen horseman, and come down himself, in sporting phrase, "neck and crop." No other solution is possible. There is a good account of a run after bears, in the early morning, at the base of some low hills; and the stories of panthers that climb trees, and manage to conceal themselves in the smallest patches of grass, are quite credible. Tigers have an extraordinary knack of picking themselves up and making off when, to all appearance, a bullet has gone clean through them, as Sir Lucius puts it. A native on one of these occasions, when seized by a wounded tiger, had the presence of mind to tear off his turban with his left arm and stuff it into the beast's mouth. There has long been a controversy amongst Indian naturalists as to the classification of the panther and the leopard. Are they simple varieties of the same species of cat, or are they distinct and separate? The late Mr. Blyth and Dr. Jerdon incline to the former view. The late Sir Walter Elliot, Captain Baldwin, and many experienced sportsmen declare that they are two separate species. The panther has a long and pointed and the leopard a round skull. The panther's skin is a pale tawny yellow; the leopard is rufous and dark, and its spots are more marked. The panther is vicious and dangerous; the leopard skulks, and is comparatively insignificant as a foe. Several of these learned authorities agree with Captain Brown in holding that, panther or leopard, the animal will climb a tree and lie flat on a bough in order to escape detection. We may conclude by saying that the best story in the book is that of the author and a friend who, as raw subalterns, landed from a boat that was being towed by steamer up the Indus, for a little shooting, and intended to rejoin their party at a point higher up the stream. They unluckily missed their combination, as more experienced strategists often do, and only caught up the vessel after a long chase by appropriating two native ponies, the owners of which were in the end duly compensated and made happy by a present of fifty rupees.

GAME AND FOOD FISHES OF AMERICA.*

WE hardly know whether American literature, in all that relates to fish and fishing, is already as voluminous as our own; but it is evident from what Mr. Goode discloses that any exceptional superiority we may at present claim, in respect at least of quantity, must speedily be challenged. His own library, he tells us, contains more than two thousand volumes on the subject; while his forthcoming *Bibliography of American Ichthyology* will, when it appears, catalogue the titles of eight thousand more! How large a proportion of these are "books which are no books" or, as are so many of our own, mere "vain repetitions," it is impossible to say—

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print.
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.

And it can only be in a spirit of self-indulgence that so many more or less worthy people thus seek their recreation, enriching publishers, who, as the Incorporated Authors have recently reminded us, do not print and illustrate for nothing, and vexing the tired souls of kind-hearted critics, who are never so regretful as when they find little to commend. One writer has confessed that he committed himself to paper only to while away his own idle hours; another collected facts and ideas from back numbers of *Fishing Gazettes* and *Fields*, in the feeble hope that some one might be interested in his twice-told tales; another, worthy of better things, composes a puffing volume for the tackle-makers; while a fourth trespasses into the field of piscine literature for no higher reason than that he once made a cheap purchase of a lot of fishing-tackle. Mr. Goode, whose *American Fishes* appears in all the bravery of blue and silver, has at least the advantage of long and practical familiarity with his subject; and those who made his acquaintance five years ago, when he came over as United States Commissioner to the International Fisheries Exhibition, will welcome from his hand this volume on American Game and Food Fishes, not the less because he has striven to be popular rather than scientific, and that he writes not so much for the naturalist as for the angler and the general reader. Thus the book is no mere catalogue of the seven hundred and fifty or more species which frequent American waters, and which are already properly recorded in Professor Jordan's *Synopsis*, but a lively and animated description of basses, drum-fish, pompanoes, salmon, snappers, and pickerel, and some few score estimable and succulent fish from lake, or stream, or sea, each to be regarded with greatest interest by his

* *Powder, Spur, and Spear: a Sporting Medley.* By J. Moray Brown, late 79th Cameron Highlanders, Author of "Shikar Sketches." With numerous illustrations by G. D. Giles and Edgar Gibberne. From Sketches by the Author. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

* *American Fishes: a Popular Treatise upon the Game and Food Fishes of North America.* By G. Brown Goode, late United States Commissioner of Fisheries, &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

countrymen as fitted for food or sport, and hardly less interesting to all English anglers whose sympathies extend to every follower of the gentle craft, and who will find in Mr. Goode's pleasant volume much to arouse their enthusiasm, or cause them to regret that American fishing-waters are so far away.

As may naturally be supposed, the distinction between "food fishes" and "game fishes" is not always capable of accurate definition. Some years ago Mr. Goode wrote :—

Game fishes are those which, by reason of their courage, strength, and beauty, and the sapidity of their flesh, are sought after by those who angle for sport with delicate fishing-tackle.

He now more carefully defines :—

A game fish is a choice fish, a fish not readily obtainable by wholesale methods at all seasons of the year, nor constantly to be had in the markets—a fish, furthermore, which has some degree of intelligence and cunning, and which matches its own wits against those of the angler, requiring skill, forethought, and ingenuity to compass its capture.

But surely there are fish which, from their numbers and economic use, would be fitly placed among the food fishes, and, as such, furnish employment to thousands of hardy mariners who go down to the sea in ships, but which, as game fish, are well worthy of the attention of the angler. Such, for instance, are the various members of the bass family, "gentlemen among their finny comrades," some of which are marine, others anadromous, and others again, as the black bass, are found in nearly every inland lake and stream. The striped bass, among the twenty or more varieties found along the Western shores of the Atlantic, is indeed a "game fish," if we may judge from a photograph given by Mr. Goode of twelve of these fish hanging side by side upon a rail, and which he tells us were caught off S.W. Bridge, Newport, in two hours and five minutes with rod and line, their average weight being 43½ lbs.! The black bass mentioned above does not attain such magnificent proportions, but is more commonly found from 2½ to 3 lbs. in weight, though individuals are sometimes taken of 6 or 7 lbs.; still, he is justly regarded as one of the most popular of American fishes :—

Even those who know the joys of trout or salmon angling do not disdain him. . . . For one man who can go forth in search of salmon, and twenty to whom trout are not impossible, there are a thousand who can visit the bass in his limpid home. The angler will find him, at the proper season, equally eager for fly or trolling-spoon or still-bait, and always ready for a struggle which will put both rod and line to their severest test.

But as even the shortest summary of this pleasant book would exceed the limits at our disposal, we will content ourselves with notes upon one special form of food fish, not because it has special pre-eminence amongst its fellows, or is taken in greater numbers, but because Mr. Goode's remarks upon its life and habits enable us to draw a moral to which he himself appears to point, and which all "honest anglers" will appreciate. This fish is the menhaden, as we please to term it, a fish closely allied to the herring, though proportionally shorter and of stouter build. It bears some thirty more or less familiar names, as the Indian "Pookagen," or "fertilizer," a term which, if not euphonious, is at least suggestive, which can hardly be affirmed of other, perhaps local, names, as "mossbunker, alewife, pilcher, or bug-fish." But, however designated, the menhaden

swim in immense shoals, their heads close to the surface, packed side by side, and often tier above tier, almost as closely as sardines in a box; a gentle ripple indicates their position, and this may be seen at the distance of nearly a mile by the look-out at the masthead of a fishing-vessel. . . . Sailing over a body of menhaden swimming at a short distance below the surface, one may see their glittering backs beneath, and the boat seems to be gliding over a floor inlaid with blocks of silver.

Of their enormous numbers statistics are given, showing, for instance, how three fishing sloops alone in 1877 seined 13,000,000 fish; how in the same year, described as "unprofitable," an oil Company captured 20,000,000, and the town of Booth Bay 50,000,000 fish. And as menhaden in spawn are never taken in the nets, there is no reason to predict any decrease in such numbers in the future. Perhaps it was in anticipation of such a possibility that careful dissections have been made of the menhaden itself, and the nature of their food has been closely investigated, with these results :—

There are no teeth in the mouth of the menhaden, their place being supplied by about fifteen hundred thread-like bristles, from one-third to three-quarters of an inch long, which are attached to the gill-arches, and may be so adjusted as to form a very effective strainer. The stomach is globular, pear-shaped, with thick muscular walls resembling the gizzard of a fowl, while the length of the coiled intestine is five or six times that of the body of the fish. . . . Hundreds of menhaden have been dissected, and every stomach examined has been found full of dark greenish or brownish mud or silt, such as occurs near the mouth of rivers and on the bottom of still bays or estuaries. . . . The plain inference from these facts, taken in connexion with what is known of the habits of the menhaden, seems to be that their food consists in large part of the sediment, containing much organic matter, which gathers on the bottom of still bays. . . .

But there is another equally plain inference, and on this Mr. Goode very properly insists. It is that the menhaden is not the creature of accident, but has its special place in nature, and in that place fulfils a special mission, which mission unmistakably is—to be eaten. It is not merely that it is succulent, that it is readily captured, and that it exists in prodigious numbers, but that it finds its food in what would otherwise be unused, wasted, inorganic matter, and, from its inability to escape its enemies or fight in its own defence, forms the principal sustenance

of hosts of other fish, blue fish, bonitos, or bass, which, when themselves brought to table, really offer to the eater nothing which is original, but only the flesh of the luckless menhaden in another form.

RECENT VERSE.*

THE poet in these latter days has heard, if he has not hearkened to, the voice of the critic who would instruct him in the higher exercise of his function. He has been gravely admonished that he should be the interpreter of his age, not in a reflective, unconscious way, as many good poets have been, but as a man with a mission. Somehow the critical counsel has not yet produced great results. There are still poets among us who show a charming indifference to that blessed phrase "the criticism of life." Both descriptions of bard claim attention, and not a little odd is the sensation aroused by an abrupt transition from the one kind to the other. *A Modern Faust* is a delineation of modern life and its problems, set forth in a sequence of pictures that deal with the struggling progress of a sensitive, aspiring soul from innocence to doubt, and from doubt, through manifold phases of disorder, to philosophic calm. Mr. Roden Noel's poem is unco'serious. The modern Faust appears strangely insensible to the comedy of human life. His experiences do not comprehend the whole round of existence. He is too much given to lingering outside the magic circle, as a spectator who is interested, indeed, but not as an actor, moved by the passions, the follies, the humours, that engage others. The more striking scenes of Mr. Noel's poem are those that depict the saddest aspects of modern life, or that of its darker problems. The poet's sympathy with suffering humanity, especially with the wrongs of helpless children, is the source of much that is admirable in sentiment and eloquent in expression. We cannot profess, however, to admire the form of Mr. Noel's poem. The lyrics that should impart the lightness and variety necessary to the theme are singularly stiff and solemn in movement. There is a "Siren's Song" (p. 41) that could allure no one but a very young mariner after a very prolonged voyage. Yet more trying are the long prose interludes of the fourth book. A strange example of Mr. Noel's preoccupation with the "world problem" is supplied by the "Merry-go-Round" :—

The merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round at Fowey !
They whirl around, they gallop around, man, woman, and girl and boy ;
They circle on wooden horses, white, black, brown, and bay,
To a loud monotonous tune that hath a trumpet bray.

Every one knows it is a cheerful sight, and Mr. Noel sees it with a poet's eye. Yet he must needs moralize and in a mar-
all strain :—

I gaze with orb suffused at human things that fly,
And I am lost in the wonder of our dim destiny.

All in a garden fair does Mr. Alfred Austin set *Love's Widowhood*, shaping his romantic story in the mild autumnal air, amid plenteous fruits and flowers, with the misty harvest-fields around, and the heavens ever propitious. Charming are the poet's pictures of the flowery pleasance, and sweet and true the sentiment of his song of "the dirgeful days" :—

Of windless dawns enveiled in dewy haze,
Of cloistered evenings when no sweet birds sing,
But every note of joy hath trooped and taken wing.

Mr. Austin is too keen an observer to present the flowers he loves in unreasonable or impossible conjunction, and yet he is sometimes so taken with a conceit that he can liken the ripe apples of an orchard to "children tugging at their mother's gown," or note, as if with the ill-concealed delight of a punster, how

The traveller's joy still journeyed in the hedge.

In other lyrics Mr. Austin abandons the minor key, as in the melodious stanzas "In the Heart of the Forest," in the excellent fable "The Owl and the Lark," and in the pretty sonnet "An April Love," in which the lyrist of spring is as brisk and tuneful as he has ever been.

Leaves of Life comprises a lyrical garnering that has a deep autumnal colouring which, if not exactly sere, is steeped in melancholy hues and at times decidedly hectic. Is life so sad as it would seem to be from Mr. Nesbit's songs? There is no doubt whatever about the sincerity and strength and passion of such poems as "Divorced," "The Meadows of Long Ago," "In Praise of Work," and a dozen other equally heartrending laments. They might make the most horny-eyed cynic uncomfortable. But there

* *A Modern Faust; and other Poems.* By Hon. Roden Noel. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Love's Widowhood; and other Poems. By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Leaves of Grass. By E. Nesbit. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Wanderings of Oisín. By W. B. Yeats. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Grass of Parnassus. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Chess: a Christmas Masque. By Louis Tylor. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Baglioni: a Tragedy. By Fairfax L. Cartwright, B.A. London: Field & Tuer.

Poems by Dora Greenwell. (Selected.) "Canterbury Poets." London: Walter Scott. 1889.

is something aggressive in the cadness that almost arouses resentment and does certainly produce weariness by its insistency.

Mr. W. B. Yeats is impelled to the heroic past by a poet's truest instinct. He seeks no inspiration in political or social economy. He draws on the primitive sources of song, and proves them to be not yet exhausted. Heroes and giants, magic and fairy lore, are his themes, and his song is like that of a singer of old for freshness and force and buoyancy. Rare, indeed, in a modern poet is the entire absence of pose or self-consciousness. The absorption of the poet in his poetry is complete. His fairy songs and sketches are charming conceptions, as bright and dainty as a lyric by Fletcher or a scene from Randolph. Wellnigh flawless is the Indian poem "Jealousy." And, but for one unhappy rhyme, equally delightful is "An Indian Song," of which we quote the concluding stanzas:—

There will we moor our lonely ship,
And wander ever with woven hands,
Murmuring softly, lip to lip,
Along the grass, along the sands,—
Murmuring how far away are all earth's feverish lands;

How we alone of mortals are
Hid in the earth's most hidden part,
While grows our love an Indian star,
A meteor of the burning heart,
One with the waves that softly round us laugh and dart;

One with the leaves; one with the dove
That moans and sighs a hundred days;
—How when we die our shades will rove,
Dropping at eve in coral bays
A vapoury footfall on the ocean's sleepy blaze.

Mr. Yeats's chief poem is Irish, not Eastern. *The Wanderings of Oisín* is the lay of the enchantment of Oisín, who was witched by an "amorous demon thing," Niam, a king's daughter, and was carried by her on a magic steed to the Island of the Living, where he sojourned a hundred years; thence to the Island of Victories, for another hundred; and, again, to the Isle of Forgetfulness, for yet another century. When the spell is overpast he returns, to find the old order of heroes forgotten and Christianity, with St. Patrick, in the land. It is to the Saint that he relates the wild and wonderful enchantment that befell after meeting the fateful lady one day when hunting with his Fenian brethren and his three hounds, "Bran, Sgeolan, and Lomair." Far over-sea on the white horse he flies with Niam, to the accompaniment of fairy songs and spectral pageant:—

"Who are the riding ones?" I said.
"Fret not with words the phantoms dread,"
Said Niam, as she laid the tip
Of one long finger on my lip.
Now in the sea the sun's rim sank,
The clouds arrayed them rank on rank
In silence round his crimson ball.
The floor of Emain's dancing hall
Was not more level than the sea
As, full of loving phantasy,
We rode on murmuring.

Entrancing are the poet's pictures of Oisín's hundred years of song and love and the chase, the spell of which is suddenly broken, as Oisín weeps to remember the past, at the sight of a warrior's lance washed on the island shore from his old home. Once more over-sea they ride to the Island of Victories, while Niam, now half fay, half human, sings soothingly of

Wars shadowy, vast, exultant; fairy kings
Wedding the queens of earthly lands with rings
Of sea-sprung pearl, and queens of fairy lands
Taking the mortal warriors by the hands;
How such a warrior never turned his gaze
On the old sorrows of his human days.
They love and kiss on islands far away
Rolled round with music of the sighing spray,
Those warriors of a long-forgotten day,
Happy as children, with unwithering lips
Unanguid as the birds in proud companionships;
They walk on shores unseen of oaring galleys,
Or wrestle with their peers in dewy valleys.

Finely imagined are the descriptions of Oisín's deeds in the Island of Victories, of the trance that fell on the pair of wanderers in the land of Forgetfulness, and the vision of giant warriors under the dreamful sway of the magical "bell-branch" of which the Sennachies sang. The last canto, with its impressive imagery and dramatic close, is perhaps the most striking portion of the poem. There is an effective touch of pathos when Oisín questions Patrick concerning the fate of dead brethren, and the blind grey warrior, being assured of their damnation, is roused to sudden passion, and declares he will "pray no more":—

I will go to the house of the Fenians, be they in flames or at feast,
To Fin, Caolte, and Conan, and Bran, Sgeolan, Lomair.

Mr. Lang's *Grass of Parnassus* is a collection of poems and translations from various periodicals and previous volumes by the author. Thus it is, and it is not, a new book; just as the pretty plant that supplies the poet with a felicitous title is not a grass, and does not grow on Parnassus—two facts set forth in a graceful introductory sonnet, and, pictorially, on the cover. Mr. Lang's range of accomplishment is well displayed in this little book, despite the exclusion of verse by which the author is best known to the general—"Ballades and other toys of that sort," as Mr. Lang airily describes those Academical exercises that have gained him a wider hearing than the more serious, the deeper,

and sweeter inspiration of his muse. To peep and botanize over *Grass of Parnassus*, where almost all is familiar, and much of it of old and abiding admiration, is at this date a superfluous proceeding. Here are the best of the excellent versions of French poets that appeared originally in *Ballades and Lyrics*, and a yet older volume; specimens from the Greek Anthology; memorial poems of great deeds, with the fine sonnet on Burnaby, the stirring stanzas on the gallant Melville and Coghill, the noble and truly monumental "Seekers for a City," consecrated to the deathless memory of Gordon. Better than all measures of exotic form are these, and more touching, at least to us, are certain simple and unadorned poems, written many years since, such as "A Sunset on Yarrow," "Clevedon Church," "Another Way," and the stanzas—true and tender as the close of an old ballad—"Twilight on Tweed."

Chess is a poem that must be wrestled with earnestly, with undivided attention to its intricate development, with sedulous pondering, throughout the reading and after. The careless reader, should he persevere with the attempt, is likely enough to class Mr. Louis Tylor with those poets that are likened to "economic cooks" (p. 19):—

They get ideas so tough that none can chew them,
And then of them they make a hash and stew them,
Served up with spice for those that read their books.

Fortunately, perhaps, the author of this very original and ingenious Masque of life and its problems and contentions has fenced himself from such undesirable critics by the complexity of his design. You may find a hundred meanings shut within it before the dramatic close is reached. Or you may say with Eric, who presides over the mimic field of battle:—

What it means

I care not; let it pass for what it is.

When wrong vanquishes right it is seen that the final victory does not lie with the conqueror, and our life, if that we live is true, is "not the game we see upon the board."

The historical incident upon which Mr. Fairfax Cartwright bases his tragedy *The Baglioni* is one that might have attracted an Elizabethan dramatist by the magnitude of its horror. The massacre of the Baglioni in Perugia, during the marriage feast of Astorre Baglioni and Lavinia Colonna, by Grifone Baglioni and a set of mercenary adventurers, may, of course, be matched by other atrocious acts of violence in Italian history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is something truly appalling, however, in the scale of the design planned and executed by Grifone. Mr. Cartwright shows genuine skill in portraying the principal actors, in setting forth the first impulses that led to the conspiracy, and in vitalizing the dramatic climax of his play. His principal female character, Maddalena, is, however, too unreal and idealized to be the potent source of interest the author has apparently desired to create. She is merely feebly sentimental, and the love she inspires in Gianpaolo is altogether incredible. She moves us only to transient irritation, and has no sort of influence on the dramatic action.

The refined and exquisite lyrical faculty of Dora Greenwell has been as yet so little recognized that the "Selection" from her poetical works put forth in the series of "Canterbury Poets" is to be heartily commended. Mr. William Dorling, who edits this excellent selection with an interesting notice of the gifted poetess, says no more than the unimpeachable truth when he speaks of Dora Greenwell as "a writer of rare spiritual insight and fine poetic genius." She was a lyrist of the sweetest and truest inspiration. Many of her songs have a flawless purity of form, combined with a subtle fancy, and a lyrical quality that suggests the "wood notes wild" of unpremeditated rapture. The music and pathos of the lovely poem "A Pastoral," reprinted from *Carmina Crucis*, and originally published in *Good Words*, haunt the memory after many years, beating and trembling in the heart which the more clamorous strains of sublimer bards have long ceased to move. Dora Greenwell may never be popular, but her place among the poets is one of distinction, if somewhat companionless. The "singular beauty of style" which Mr. Whittier commends in her prose is fully as characteristic of her poetry; and it is primarily as a poet that she commands admiration.

ANCIENT ROME.*

THE Commendatore Lanciani gives us, in this prettily illustrated volume, a very readable outline of the chief discoveries made during recent years among the remains of classical Rome. The book appears to consist of a series of lectures given in America by the author during a visit to the United States of America. His audience was probably not a very learned one, and the Comm. Lanciani has gone too far in suiting his matter to their requirements. In his preface he attempts, though not very successfully, to defend the immense changes that have taken place in Rome since it became the capital of Italy; but, at the same time, he deplores the brutal destruction of so many of those lovely gardens and vineyards which, under the Papal rule, made Rome one of the most beautiful cities of the world, instead of what it is now rapidly becoming, one of the most hideous. In spite of his atti-

* *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries.* By Rodolfo Lanciani. London: Macmillan.

tude as an apologist for the modernization of Rome, the Comm. Lanciani has, it should be remembered, done a great deal to check wanton destruction of valuable relics of the past. Bad as things are, they would have been very much worse had it not been for the antiquarian zeal of the author and a few other Italian archaeologists, who, though hampered by a more or less official position under the present Government, have nevertheless ventured more than once to speak boldly in reprobation of some destructive scheme of so-called "improvement." The worst part of the book is that which deals with the supposed early history of Rome. The author's theories on this subject, which have very little real evidence to support them, are treated as if they were demonstrable facts. Even when writing about much later times, the Comm. Lanciani is far less careful than he should be; thus, for example, he confuses the Emperor Caligula with the other Caius Caesar who was a grandson of Augustus, and commits other historical blunders of the same kind. The chapter on the Public Libraries of Ancient Rome is a particularly interesting one, in which the author largely refers to a very valuable recent work by the Comm. de Rossi on the History of the Papal Library. One very noticeable fact is pointed out—namely, that the present arrangement of the great Vatican Library, in which all the books are concealed in low cupboards (*armaria*) set against richly-decorated walls, is a real survival of the classical system, known partly from literary evidence and partly from existing remains. The author himself had the good fortune to discover in 1883 remains of a library in a private house in the Via dello Statuto, sufficiently well preserved to show what the decorations and fittings of the room had been. The lower part of the walls was plain, on account of its being hidden by the *armaria*, in which the volumes were stored, forming, in fact, a sort of dado of closed bookshelves all round the hall. Above the *armaria* the wall was decorated with fluted pilasters, the square intervals between them being ornamented with medallion busts in stucco relief of celebrated authors, whose works, no doubt, were contained in the *armaria* below. On the circular frame of one of these medallions the Comm. Lanciani discovered the name *APOLONIVS · THYANEVS*, which, in fact, gave him the key to the interpretation of the whole arrangement and use of the room.

In the same chapter many curious facts are mentioned as to the number of public libraries in Ancient Rome, and the large quantity of volumes which even private libraries sometimes possessed; showing that, in spite of the absence of printing-presses, books were then by no means as rare and costly as they were during the mediæval period. The sum mentioned by Martial (i. 118) as the price of one of his books of epigrams is only about four shillings, neatly bound, which, in proportion to its size, is no more than a modern publisher might charge for a new volume by some popular poet. No doubt slave labour was one cause for this cheapness of classical MSS., as a good-sized edition could soon be turned out by means of a large number of slave-scribes writing simultaneously to the dictation of one reader. The Comm. Lanciani may be congratulated on his remarkable mastery of the English language, both as a lecturer and as a writer. His style is both clear and pleasant, and this last work of his, in spite of its very unscientific character, may be of service in awakening some interest about Roman antiquities in the minds of many to whom the subject has not yet appealed as strongly as it deserves to do.

YOUNG'S GENERAL ASTRONOMY.*

ON the appearance of a new text-book of such a well-worn theme as astronomy, one naturally turns to the preface to learn what gap the author claims to have filled, or in what direction he has tried to improve on his predecessors. We find that Professor Young has attempted "to supply that amount of information upon the subject which may fairly be expected of every liberally-educated person"; or, more in detail, "to give a clear, accurate, and justly-proportioned presentation of astronomical facts, principles, and methods, in such a form that they can be easily apprehended by the average college student, with a reasonable amount of effort—only the most elementary knowledge of Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry is required for its reading." We have read the book through, and in all humility offer the following estimate of the success with which these aims have been realized.

As regards the first point, the style is certainly clear, as those acquainted with Professor Young's earlier writings would naturally expect. His determination to be clear is manifested specially by his occasionally pointing out what is *not* true, though sometimes believed—as when he remarks that "synodic" has nothing to do with "node," and that it is improbable that a comet would go into a bandbox. His illustrations are excellent and often new; we do not remember to have seen before that an ice-bridge 2½ miles square, stretching from the earth to the sun, could be melted in one second by the radiation of the sun, supposed efficiently concentrated upon it; or that the attraction of the sun for the earth is so great that, if it were required to balance it by holding the earth back with telegraph wires, such wires would have to be placed all over the earth, only half an inch

apart, to stand the strain. The numerical values attached to the various methods for determining solar parallax are admirable for giving a clear notion of the possibilities, though some of them are not beyond question. And we cannot well speak too highly of the excellent diagrams scattered through the book. The difficulties of writing about a mathematical subject without introducing too much mathematics were some time ago reduced to comparatively small dimensions by Sir John Herschel; and the present author shows himself fully competent to deal with what is left of them. It is, perhaps, an open question how far it is good to make concessions to those who cannot, or will not, take the trouble to learn the modicum of mathematics required; but Professor Young undertakes, wisely or not, to lead the tender-footed student by paths free from mathematical rocks; and is ever ready to cry danger where a byway is impassable—as with the "intensely mathematical" papers of Professor Darwin. Only once does he seem to us to break faith with his charge—where he suddenly presents to him the polar equation of a conic.

He is accurate, with the following exceptions:—On p. 26 he speaks of Grubb as having devised the adaptation of object-glasses to photography by reversing the crown lens. In a paper read to the Royal Astronomical Society in June 1887, Sir Howard Grubb expressly said that this was the suggestion of Professor Stokes. On p. 30 it is stated that the amount of light lost by two reflections in a Newtonian is about 50 per cent. or more. This seems to us much too large; according to M. Loewy, only 12 per cent. is lost by two reflections in the equatorial *coudé*. On p. 82 the general statement that the error of a chronometer increases as the square of the time cannot be considered accurate; and we should be glad to hear of any longitude which has been determined within the hundredth of a second of time (p. 83). On p. 294 the statement that "the planets are all dark bodies" should be made with some reserve. The account of the Paris Congress in 1887 is scarcely so correct as might have been expected from the attention it excited; the plates to be used in the chart are spoken of as ten inches, or two degrees, square; this would mean a focal length of 24 feet, instead of 11½, unless a large margin is allowed for in the plates, and not specified. We cannot remember that an hour's exposure for each plate was ever contemplated as mentioned in the text—twenty minutes is nearer the time; and it is doubtful whether any great improvements in dry plates have since been made. With these exceptions the book is strikingly accurate, down to the printing, which is marvellous. We note only the following errors:—P. 24 (near bottom), insert an important comma after 1660; p. 456, α , Eridani should be α^2 ; p. 477, line 5 from bottom, 1,964 should be 1,924; in paragraph 815 the signs of the parallaxes are omitted; and at the bottom of p. 515 "conversation of energy" is no doubt an error and not a witticism. We cannot say whether the following are printers' errors or Americanisms:—"One side the main purpose" (p. 67); "in order to accuracy" (p. 78); "tenuous" (p. 467). Might we suggest that, in his endeavours to be accurate, the author makes somewhat too frequent use of the "so-called"?

The presentation of information was also to be "justly proportioned"; of this one naturally speaks with more diffidence, but as we find a tolerably complete summary of all that is known on each head, and no notable variation of style throughout, we may fairly conclude that the proportion has taken care of itself, and represents, if not the amount of attention which each point deserves, at least that which it has received. Uniformity of style is secured by writing in more or less isolated paragraphs, with headlines, so that with very little trouble the book could be rearranged by means of the headlines into an excellent Dictionary of Astronomy; but without recommending this violent measure we might perhaps suggest that in corresponding paragraphs about the various planets the same sequence should be observed. As to the completeness of the summary there are twenty-one chapters, of which we may specially mention one on astronomical instruments, one on the sun's light and heat, and another on its parallax; one on comets and another on meteors, and three on the stars generally. Appended are also thoroughly useful tables and an index. The information has been brought well up to date, except that little or nothing is said of Lockyer's meteoritic theory. In a later edition this cannot well be neglected. Seeliger's work on ζ Cancri was perhaps published rather too late to be incorporated.

Professor Young has a noble idea of a liberal education! To feel that anybody "fairly expects" from one the amount of information contained in this book, and a corresponding comprehension of other sciences, not to speak of literature and the arts, may be either exhilarating or depressing according to the nature of the victim; but it is certainly pleasing to find such cheerful trust in human nature still alive in one who has helped to liberally educate so many, and who should know something of what you may "fairly expect" from them, or at any rate of what you can get. But, however unattainable Professor Young's ideal may seem to us, we must admit that he has contributed towards its attainment by making it as easy as it can well be to learn "general astronomy."

* *A Text-Book of General Astronomy for Colleges and Scientific Schools.* By Charles A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D. Ginn & Co. 1888.

TWO ART BOOKS.*

THESE two sumptuous productions are examples of Italian design brought to Paris to be rendered, illustrated, and published in French forms which are beyond the technical skill of Italian houses. There is, in consequence, a certain incongruousness in each of them, Italian habits of taste and thought struggling against the Parisian manner. This does not prevent them from being very interesting and valuable. Both are enormous in size, the *Arts en Italie* being simply huge, a sort of giant among books. This, however, is not the *édition de luxe* of the two. It is really rather an instructive illustrated work of reference than a volume for the drawing-room table. It consists of two parts, distinguished by separate title-pages. The former is an essay, or rather three essays, from the pen of M. Georges Lafenestre, on the Architecture, the Sculpture, and the Painting of Italy during the Renaissance. On such a hackneyed subject the author does not try to be novel. He is satisfied with being accurate and extensive. His text is, as a matter of fact, the illustration to a multitude of woodcuts, embracing almost all the main architectural, sculptural, and pictorial features of the age under discussion. It carries out for this particular department—Italy in the Renaissance—what a well-known book, Lübke and Von Lützow's *Denkmäler der Kunst*, essays to do for the art of the world. The new Italian volume is able to do its work on a larger scale than Lübke and Von Lützow could, whose designs are mostly in outline merely. At the same time the student must not be disappointed if he finds the innumerable woodcuts in *Les Arts en Italie* not of the highest order of execution. They are sufficient for their purpose, but not very fine as engravings.

The second section of *Les Arts en Italie* is more interesting. It mainly consists of forty-five etched plates, representing the most famous masterpieces of Italian sculpture and painting. Each etching is accompanied by two folio pages of letterpress, signed by some well-known French or Italian art-critic, giving succinctly all necessary information about the artist, his work in general, and this production in particular. Again, we cannot pretend that the etchings are of the highest order of merit as pictures; but they are entirely sufficient to illustrate the press, and form a most invaluable aid to memory. Some of them are not very well printed, and are inky in the shadows. For example, the "Perseus" of Cellini looks almost hideous, so grotesquely black is it. The best plates are those which deal with simple compositions. The "Coronation of the Virgin," by Angelico, is charming, and Bartolommeo's "Salvator Mundi" interprets the rich colour of the original with great success. Of course the majority of the plates illustrate masterpieces with which all the world is familiar. Among those less universally known are the curious "Circe" of Dosso Dossi, from the Borghese Gallery, intelligently described by Signor Quirino Leoni; the "St. Catherine" of Sodoma, which falls to the lot of Signor L. Mussini; an exquisite Salvator Rosa that is as delicate as a Corot; and Romanino's beautiful "Virgin Adored by the Franciscans." One of the best etchings is that of Raphael's solemn and eloquent "Mass of Bolsena," a work less known in this country than, perhaps, any other of the master's principal paintings. *Les Arts en Italie* brings us down to Tiepolo, and then stops. M. Charles Yriarte writes of Verocchio, Giorgione, Titian, and of this last-named painter. This excellent compilation is dedicated to the King of Italy.

The second of these books, a giantess beside a giant, is large alone, though small by contrast. It is appropriately dedicated to the Queen of Italy. *L'Eau* is the name given to a series of exceedingly ingenious compositions, the work of M. Auguste Sezanne, a member of the Academy of Bologna. M. Sezanne's designs deal with water in every form, except its capacity for being used, by accident or prejudice, as a drink. Even this employment is suggested by a life-size design of a small beaker of opaline Venetian glass, full almost to the brim with clear water. M. Alphonse Daudet, who leads off the letterpress, pays a tribute to this "bichiere de fin cristal, tout embué de fraîcheur, que le peintre a mis en frontispice à sa suite d'images sur les métamorphoses de l'eau." In M. Daudet's country, when Tartarin meets Bompard, the cry is "Quau voû beûre? L'aigo es fresco!" and the Bolognese artist seems to be of the same persuasion.

The principal part of M. Sezanne's work consists of fourteen elaborately combined plates representing as many phases of the existence of water. These plates—although in these days of cunning reproduction we shrink from any definite opinion—seem to be mezzotints, treated with etched line and wash very freely, so as to look sometimes like actual etchings. Each presents us with a landscape scene, surrounded by emblematical borders and cornices, and applied on a background of various design. M. Sezanne begins with "Rain," a very wet Italian street, with infirm umbrellas set out to dry on the margin of the design. "Hail" is charming; the tops of a Tuscan city, whipped by water in this very unattractive and mischievous form. But we cannot approve of the decorative cornice of this scene, although it contains a delightful row of little birds. It wants the support of a pillar to make it

comfortable; we might then believe that we were looking out of window at a real scene. "Snow" is conceived in a spirit of false Japanese. French-Japanese is of dubious merit; Italian-French-Japanese is distinctly tawdry. "Ice" is simpler and therefore better; the frieze of skates quite delightful. In "The Lagoons" the scene is dreary, but the nets, which serve as accessories, are exquisitely drawn. No book on water would be complete without Venice, which arrogates a whole plate to herself. The little central scene is walled off by a border of mosaics, which renders the colour of the marbles very happily; but this is one of the least pleasantly composed plates in the volume, although the gondolas are gracefully drawn and buoyant. M. Sezanne is almost always happiest in his still life. In "The Rivulet" the scene is pretty, but the frogs around the central plaque, and the leaves below it, are of quite a high order of merit. "The Cascade" is rather conventional, but "The River" is remarkably good, and the plump little fishes which form the border walk the water with their trembling fins and obtuse noses in admirable style. In "The Marsh" the bulrushes are good, but the water-lilies are too soft, and the pointed concavity of the petals is not successfully rendered. "The Canal" is chiefly remarkable for the picturesque net which is let down into it. The top-piece of this plate, a lake-boat fishing dreamily in the misty close of afternoon, is one of M. Sezanne's most admirable designs. "The Mistral" sends up waves on the shore which are not merely yeasty, which may be right, but woolly, which must surely be wrong. The way in which the stormy petrels' bodies are cut into by the central design is an unusually annoying example of the affected mode of arrangement to which we have already referred. In "The Calm" the border of shells, crabs, and a tender little curly sea-horse is specially charming.

The letterpress of this pleasant gift-book consists of M. Daudet's brief preface; "un piccolo poema sull' acqua," a little prose-poem on water—signed by M. Paul Arène, which glorifies, as to the sound of hautboys, "cette eau vierge, charmante, qui semble rouler de la musique et de la lumière"; another "poème de l'eau," very gracefully turned, by M. Charles Yriarte; and a long and serious essay, occupying three-quarters of the book, on the genesis of water, by M. Henri de Parville, elegant and academic, in the best modern Parisian manner. Altogether, *L'Eau* is as pretty an object of luxury as it is ingenious and original; and the care with which it is produced deserves all praise. We are bound, however, to say that some of the woodcuts printed in colours had not come out very distinctly. It seems as though the press had not taken the red-ochre dye very well.

ILLUSTRATED HORSE-BREAKING.*

WHEN a fond mother, before entrusting the son whom she cannot manage to a schoolmaster, assures the latter that he is the best dispositioned lad in the world, but that he has a highly strung and nervous constitution, the schoolmaster forms an opinion of his own. So does Captain Hayes when people talk about the nervousness of the highly bred horses which they cannot ride. "I make bold to assert," says he, "that many crafty, dangerous brutes pose before their owners as ill-used victims of a too highly strung nervous system." Further on he says:—"While fully admiring the kindness of heart of those enthusiasts who regard a horse as a friend to be won by affection, I must say that the better plan for making him a useful member of society is to treat him as a servant who has to be taught his work, and from whom implicit obedience has to be demanded." He adds that "until he does his work honestly and well the less petting he gets the better." We have quoted enough to show the general spirit in which he approaches the subject of horse-breaking.

Like Rarey, Captain Hayes throws a colt on the ground in order to subdue his rebellious spirit, although his methods of doing so vary somewhat from that of the great American horse-tamer. He sets about the business in two ways, and follows whichever circumstances or inclination may suggest. In the first, he straps up one of his pupil's forelegs, much as Rarey did, and then he pulls his head round to the opposite side by means of a long rein or rope running through a ring fastened to the top of a surcingle, while an assistant tugs at a rope tied to the horse's tail until he falls. In the second, a long and broad arrangement of straps, called a "straight-jacket," is fastened round the horse's fore-arms and thighs, and gradually tightened until his legs are drawn together and he comes down. This, he asserts, is "the gentlest in its action of any" method of putting a horse down that he has ever seen, adding, "if appliances and help be at hand, and the breaker be not pressed for time, I would recommend that this method of throwing should be always used." One of the chief features of his system of horse-breaking is the use of the twitch. His twitch is a modification of one recommended by Mr. Pratt, the author of a work called *The Horse's Friend*. A picture is given of a horse wearing the twitch provided by the "horse's friend." The poor brute appears to be suffering extreme agony, as well he may be, considering the nature of the contrivance.

* *Les Arts en Italie. Iconographie des Chefs-d'œuvre de la Peinture, de la Sculpture et de l'Architecture Italiennes.* Par le Marquis Baldassini, &c. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1888.

L'Eau. Vingt-trois Compositions par A. Sezanne. Texte par Alphonse Daudet, &c. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1889.

* *Illustrated Horse-Breaking.* By Captain M. Horace Hayes, late of "The Buffs." Author of "Riding on the Flat and Across Country" &c. Fifty-two Illustrations by J. H. Oswald Brown. London: Thacker & Co. 1889.

Captain Hayes's twitch consists of a running noose of cord, passed round the horse's head, behind his ears and under his upper lip, over his teeth. For this purpose he uses the spare rope of a halter, the halter itself being placed as usual upon the horse's head. When the contrivance has been arranged, a rug is thrown over the horse's head so as to blindfold him, and then the rope is jerked three or four times. "The pain inflicted by the application of this twitch is a necessary evil which may well be disregarded; for its amount is trifling in comparison with the extent of control obtained by its means." This is a matter of opinion. Possibly the horse might object that the proposition "the end justifies the means" has been condemned by theologians. It is some consolation to read that, "if employed carefully, no mark need be left on the mucous membrane." Having strapped up one of the horse's legs, put a twitch in his mouth, and blindfolded him, the breaker should next proceed to "gentle" him. This process of gentling is to be performed with "a long pole," which is scarcely the instrument that the uninitiated would have selected for the purpose. But no matter; it is the one here prescribed, and at another stage of the breaking "we may gently prod the horse with the rounded end of a pole in the ribs." If the twitch and the blindfolding and the leg-strapping and the long pole should not prove strong enough measures, an octagonal gag may be put into the horse's mouth. Captain Hayes recommends that "this gag should be made with a semicircular groove, about a third of an inch broad, running down the centre of each face of the octagonal, in order to make it more 'punishing.'" Having arrived at this stage of the proceedings, we approach the supreme moment at which the horse is to be subjugated by being thrown down. This result may be effected by either of the methods which we have already described. When we have got him on the ground, we are to keep him there "in a constrained position" until he "begins to groan." His neck is to be twisted on one side until his nose almost touches his surcingle, and there it is to be tightly fastened until the groaning begins. If, after undergoing this humane treatment, the horse still remains restive, all you have to do is to submit him to it again, and to go on until he becomes quiet. The author significantly adds that "the process of obtaining control over the horse, as a rule, had best be completed in one lesson, which can be repeated as may be required." This is Captain Hayes's method "of removing a horse's nervousness, and proving to him that he need have no fear of us or of his other surroundings." One "of the principles of the art of rendering horses docile" is to give them "confidence." Obviously, then, the best way of making a horse confide in man must be to twitch him, to blindfold him, to gag him, to throw him on the ground, to twist his neck while there into a constrained position until he groans, and to prod him in the ribs with a long pole. One lives to learn! Let it be distinctly understood that we do not for a moment question the efficacy of Captain Hayes's system. On the contrary, we believe that in a large number of instances it has proved eminently successful; but whether the secret of its success consists in making the horse confide in his tormentor is another question. The system may be the best ever invented; but it is not a mild one. "I entirely deprecate," says Captain Hayes, "any fighting with the horse, or punishment with whip or spur." He reminds us of a certain clergyman who used to keep a private school. This preceptor was the idol of mammas; because he assured them that he did not possess a birch or a cane, and that none of his pupils had ever been flogged; but, as we have good cause to remember, he used to twirl round the ends of their ears until they would twirl no further, to pull them up by the hair at the napes of their necks until they were poised upon their toes, and to wallop them severely over the knuckles with the sharp edge of an ivory paper-knife.

Captain Hayes strongly urges the advantages of driving with long reins over lunging, and in this we agree with him. In the first place, it is so much easier to most people to lunge a horse from right to left than from left to right, that, although the lunger may occasionally change the direction, he is almost certain to keep his pupil going most of his time on the same circle, which cannot be good either for his mouth or his legs. Then it is impossible to "mouth" a horse with a mere lunging rein, and the reins of the supplest of dumb-jockeys cannot be so good as even tolerable human hands. We quite agree with the author in thinking that, in order to teach a young horse to jump, it is far better to drive him over fences than to pull him over them with a leading rein; at the same time some horses will not face a fence when driven at it, nor can there be any doubt that an active man will sometimes do wonders in teaching a horse to be "clever" by climbing or jumping over difficult places on foot and inducing his pupil to follow him. When a colt sees his breaker himself going first over a fence he gains confidence—a different sort of confidence, we may observe, from that which Captain Hayes is likely to instil by means of his rope-twitch and long pole. The chief danger in such cases is lest the horse should jump too quickly and knock down his leader. A sharp fellow will jump sideways and thus save himself, and a slower man will get some one else to hold the horse until he is well over; but, unless the breaker is handy at this sort of work, he had better stick to the driving-reins. When mounting a colt for the first time, Captain Hayes would tie his head to his tail with a rope. This reminds us that shortly before Captain Hayes published his work on horse-breaking, Mr. Galvayne brought one out on the same subject. So far as we can learn from their books, neither of

them knew anything of the system of the other, and there are many important differences in the methods which they adopt, yet, singularly enough, certain peculiarities are common to the systems of each. Both tie horses' heads to their tails; both use a twitch; both make a great point of "mouthing" horses with long driving reins; both lead a colt with a rein which pulls at a crupper under his tail; both throw a horse by strapping up his off foreleg and pulling his head round to the near side by means of a rein running through a ring at the top of his surcingle; both keep him down, when he has fallen, by drawing his neck round towards his body; and both gentle with a long pole. We do not question the originality of either system: we merely point out these coincidences. We may add that both have printed a number of testimonials to the virtues of their systems at the end of their books.

Captain Hayes gives a long list of faults to which horses are addicted; and for nearly all of them he prescribes one or more of four remedies—namely, the straight-jacket, the rope-twitch, throwing-down, or driving on foot with long reins. Of these, his greatest favourite is the rope-twitch, and a representation of this, his darling instrument, is very appropriately given upon the back of the cover. For teaching a horse to stand while a lady mounts him he prescribes the rope-twitch; for breaking a horse to harness, the rope-twitch; for a horse that is "difficult to put in a train" or a ship-box, the rope-twitch; for a horse unsteady under fire or when swords are drawn, the rope-twitch; for a horse that will not stand quiet to be shod, the rope-twitch. In short, it would appear at first sight that a colt under Captain Hayes's management would seldom be without this instrument of torture. On the other hand, there is something to be said in favour of Captain Hayes's principle of overcoming a horse's faults at once with sharp remedies, and it may be argued that they are the most merciful in the end. On this, however, and many other questions which present themselves in the course of the book, many good horsemen are certain to differ. Few books meet with more adverse criticism than treatises on horses or their management, and there are few which are more difficult to review without prejudice; for, as a matter of fact, there is scarcely a subject upon which men have a greater variety of whims and fancies than horseflesh. *Illustrated Horse-Breaking* has, at any rate, the advantage of being clearly written, and most people, we think, might obtain one or two useful hints from it, even if they disagreed with the system propounded by its author. The illustrations are clear and to the point, without any pretensions to being works of art. There is a good deal of humour shown in the expression of the "helpers," who evidently enjoy throwing a horse down and making him otherwise uncomfortable. We had almost forgotten to mention that Captain Hayes advises his readers to cultivate their horse's memories. We should imagine that no horse that had been broken by Captain Hayes would be at all likely to forget him; but if by chance the beloved image of the Captain were to grow dim in his recollection, a few sharp applications of the rope-twitch would, without doubt, stimulate "this, his chief mental gift!"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LE MARQUIS DE COURCY (1) has told the history of the sufficiently famous renunciation under which the Bourbon dynasty came to the throne of Spain with some care and a good deal of fine writing. The attempt in particular which he makes to show that the victory of Denain had nothing to do with the abstraction of the English troops is ingenious. And he has an introductory letter from the Count of Paris to recommend him. We can make great allowance for the desire of French monarchists to obtain a possible candidate. But we are obliged to suggest to the Marquis de Courcy and all his fellows that you are either a Legitimist or you are not. If you are not, it is not quite clear to the average logical man why you should go to the House of Orleans; if you are, it is still less clear. How can any man resign his birthright? how much more can any man resign the birthright of unborn generations? M. de Courcy and all his kind seem to think that they can run with the monarchic hare and hunt with the democratic hounds. That is exactly what no man can do. The "Whites of Spain" may be dull fellows, may be impracticable, may be this, may be that, may be the other. But the root of their own matter is with them. And when you once leave the root of the matter, and take to private judgment, the House of Orleans has no more to say for itself than the House of Bonaparte or the House of Grévy. It is a pity that these things have to be said; but they have to be said.

All persons who are more or less familiar with the history of the French Revolution know that attempts were made (besides the famous Varennes performance) to save the Royal family by "evasion." M. Paul Gaullot (2) has undertaken the task of throwing some light on one of these, and seems to promise further investigations into the dark places of the Terror. The moving spirit even in this appears to have been the great Fersen, the "Chevalier de la Reine." But the immediate instruments were a certain Sieur Toulon and a certain Chevalier de Jarjayes. There is, perhaps, no sadder reading than the account of a generous attempt which failed; but it is also a very useful kind of writing

(1) *Rénonciation des Bourbons d'Espagne au trône de France.* Par le Marquis de Courcy. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Un complot sous la Terreur.* Par Paul Gaullot. Paris: Ollendorff.

to give the account of such an attempt. For thus only do the *not* famous men, our fathers, who were before us—the pawns in the great chess play of history—get their due. All honour to Toulain and Jarjaves—the likes of whom may possibly have their part to play elsewhere some day.

Mme. Veuve Jules Favre (3), who is, we believe, the principal of a kind of French Newnham or Lady Margaret's, is very industriously doing her best to instruct young ladies in the story of Greek philosophy. She takes the best translations (but should not the young ladies learn the original if anything?) and weaves them together with a good deal of very sensible *compte-rendu* of her own. She has already done the ethics of the Stoics and of Socrates; now she tackles Aristotle, with the help of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire and others. It is a good thing to do—if it was to be done at all.

The three little pieces—two dramatic, one prose tale—which M. Octave Feuillet has published (4) are not great works. The first is a variation, not quite so amusing, on the theme which "Gyp" has treated in the history of Paulette and M. d'Alaly. The second is a good gibe on a husband who wishes his wife to go in for learning and is consumedly bored by the result. The third is a story of the Empire, and a good one. But what is really remarkable about all three is the singular air of *maestria* that they have, when they are compared with the ordinary work of the present day in their own country. When M. Feuillet is compared with those about M. Zola, or those about M. de Goncourt, or those about M. Daudet, he seems to be in another world—the world of literature as opposed to the world of journalism. It is an *experimentum crucis*, for M. Feuillet is not a very great man intrinsically. But, compare him with the others, and they simply vanish.

Everybody who likes French books should get *Le livre des vingt-et-un* (5). It is published for the benefit of the widow of a man of letters, and it contains work, and very good work, by MM. Jules Simon, Alexandre Dumas fils, Halévy, Coppée, Theuriot, Scholl, Malot, de Bornier, Houssaye, Richebourg, and others only less well known. We shall say nothing more about it but "Buy!"

It is not necessary to say any more about anything of M. du Boisgobey's (6) than that it has appeared. But we own that the fly-leaves of the book astonish us. It would appear that of *Margot la Balafrière* two, and of *La main coupée* three, editions have been sold. And this is the people that buys M. Ohnet by the hundred thousand.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE series of handy volumes, "English History by Contemporary Writers," edited by Mr. F. York Powell, has already done much towards the realization of the excellent scheme it embodies. It will yet do better if it remains faithful to the original aims set forth by Mr. Powell, and to the plan of its admirable French prototype which Messrs. Hachette publish and M. Zeller and others edit. Mr. T. A. Archer's contribution, *The Crusade of Richard I.*, 1189-92 (David Nutt), diverges somewhat from the ideal, and in ways that do not altogether further the chief end of an historical series that is designed, "not only for educational use, but for the general reader." Mr. Archer's subject possesses, as he says, "certain advantages that are wanting to most other periods of the Middle Ages." The existing record of contemporary evidence is "really ample," and it represents, moreover, the views of every nationality concerned in Richard's crusade. Here, then, is the "well-defined period" which it is the object of the series to set forth as "a living picture" within the limits of a "little volume." The crusade of Richard I., however, can scarcely be regarded as a portion of English history, apart from the influence, it exercised on the nation as a whole. Of this influence there is scarcely any reflection in Mr. Archer's book. The very wealth of his material ought to have proved a safeguard against the abundant detail which Mr. Archer retains in illustrating the essential facts of the subject. A story of three years is told with far too much minuteness, with the result that the living picture of the period is broken up into a succession of pictures of very various degrees of value. The prolix and almost unintelligible account of the Battle of Arsuf, extracted at length from the *Itinerarium Ricardi*, is quite out of place in a book intended for the general reader; and much else which Mr. Archer has selected from the wide field surveyed should have been rejected in the interests of those for whose benefit the series is issued. Mr. Archer's compilation is full of very interesting and curious information, culled from many sources, chiefly from the *Itinerarium Ricardi*; but it is not the little volume that fulfils the special aims of the series. It is, in fact, a stout book of nearly four hundred pages. The bibliographical appendix and notes, together with the woodcuts, are quite up to the high standard of preceding volumes.

Poems by the late George Darley is a "memorial volume, printed for private circulation"—copies may be had of Mr. Holden, Church Street, Liverpool—comprising a selection of poems, some from MS., the most from various volumes and

periodicals, with a brief memoir of the author. The book, it appears, must be taken as a substitute for the edition of George Darley's poetical works, which the late Lord Houghton had intended to publish. Darley is, perhaps, best remembered now by his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and his lyrical drama, *Sylvia; or, the May Queen*, which appeared in 1827, and obtained for itself the encomium, "a beautiful, tuneful pastoral." Carlyle spoke of the poet as "considerable actually," a poet of "real lyrical genius," at a time when "sham Elizabethan writing" was indeed dreadfully prevalent—the age of Barry Cornwall and Leigh Hunt. Darley was an ardent worker, in the company of greater men, in the cause of the Elizabethan dramatists; and his best work owes much of its colour and fragrance to the influence of Fletcher, Jonson, and other Elizabethans. Some of his songs may be said to be tuneful in another sense than that implied by Mrs. Browning. The catchy air to which Horn set "I've been roaming" made that rather commonplace song prodigiously popular.

The American short story is rather well represented, on the whole, in *Better Times*, by the author of *Margaret Kent* (Boston: Ticknor). The stories are told with the necessary concentration and directness. In several, such as "One Too Many," the vein of light comedy is very pleasant, and in none is it overworked. The story of the amiable young man who finds himself engaged to two girls at once—"One Too Many"—shows decided ability in the sketching of character, and excellent dexterity in the solution of what appears to be a tremendous problem. Power of another kind distinguishes "The Tragedy of Dale Farm," a singular story of a wife who unjustly suspects her husband of the murder of her brother, not without overpowering circumstantial evidence. The injurious reaction of the suspicion on both is depicted with true insight. There is little in these stories of anything like American accent, though we read in one place of a young lady who "took costume like a successful comedy actress."

Mr. E. J. Wall's *Dictionary of Photography* (Hazell, Watson, & Viney) is an excellent companion for the photographer, thanks to the alphabetical arrangement by which the information required is at once found. The article on "Toning," which may be taken as a test of the work, is thoroughly practical and lucid. Illustrative diagrams are given in the text when the subject needs them, and useful tables of chemical formulae, elements, dry plates with sensitizer numbers, are included in an appendix.

Mr. Sheridan Ford's pamphlet on the trade of picture-making and picture-dealing—*Art: a Commodity* (New York: Organized Art Association)—is not likely to revolutionize the picture trade, nor to hasten the golden time when potboilers and charlatans shall cease to be. Mr. Ford is right in one conclusion—"America is not the only country where art imposture flourishes." The tricks of the trade, which supply Mr. Ford with material for much indignant comment, are pretty common in countries where picture-dealing is at all extensive.

With nothing rich nor rare in *Poems of Wild Life* (Walter Scott), there is plenty of room for wonder in the book itself and its inclusion in a series called "Canterbury Poets." To judge from the introduction by the Editor, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, it is put forth chiefly in glorification of Mr. Joaquin Miller, or to spur the lagging reputation of a number of third- or fourth-rate American rhymesters. English poetry is, indeed, in some sort represented by the author of *Orion*, and some versions of Tegnér serve as a reminder that "wild life" was once not unknown to Europe. With some few eccentric exceptions, the book is frankly American—

Not wan from Asia's fetishes,

Not red from Europe's old dynastic slaughter-house,

to quote Walt Whitman's appropriate concluding psalm.

In Mr. James Maidment's interesting collection, *A New Book of Old Ballads*, issued for private circulation by Messrs. E. & G. Goldsmid, of Granton, Edinburgh, we have some early versions of old Scottish ballads that suffered under the manipulation of Allan Ramsay; others, now first reprinted from MSS., ten of which exist in the handwriting of William Hamilton the younger, of Airdrie, whose MSS. are in the possession of Sir William Hamilton, of Preston; and some that are copied from scarce broadsides or preserved as recited. The variations many of these ballads present from readings generally accepted are often very curious. One of the most striking is "Bold Rankin," a version of "Lammikin," printed from a MS. belonging to Mr. W. H. Logan, and a ballad of extreme and inexplicable grimness. Mr. Maidment's researches will delight all lovers of popular song.

Of Year-Books and Directories for the current year we have *The Australian Handbook* (Gordon & Gotch); *Mitchell & Co.'s Newspaper Press Directory*; *The Victorian Year-Book* (Trübner & Co.; Melbourne: Brain); *The Colonial Office List*, with excellent maps, profuse and well-arranged information, compiled by John Anderson and Sidney Webb (Harrison & Co.); *Sells' Dictionary of the World's Press*, by Henry Sell; *Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory*, always valuable (Street & Co.); and *The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide* (T. G. Johnson).

Among new editions we have Mr. Edward Arundel Geare's *Investment of Trust Funds* (Stevens); *The Law of Private Trading Partnership*, by J. W. Smith, LL.D. (Effingham Wilson); Mr. A. Sonnenschein's *Educational Codes of Foreign Countries* (Sonnenschein); *The Atonement*, the Hulsean Lectures for 1883 and 1884, by the Rev. J. J. Lias (Nisbet); *The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered*, by C. Stopes (Trübner); *The Actor's*

(3) *La morale d'Aristote*. Par Mme. Jules Favre. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Le divorce de Juliette, etc.* Par Octave Feuillet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Le livre des vingt-et-un*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Décupitée!* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

Art, by Gustave Garcia (Simpkin & Co.); *Lessons in Elementary Physics*, by Balfour Stewart (Macmillan); *Practical Microscopy*, by George E. Davis, F.R.M.S. (Allen & Co.); *Works of Lord Tennyson*, in one volume (Macmillan); Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake* (Macmillan); *John Ward, Preacher*, by Margaret Deland (Warne); and *The Three Brides*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan).

We have also received a *Biographical Catalogue of the Portraits at Weston* (Elliot Stock); *Genealogical Chronology*, by Albert Welles, edited by Katherine Albert McMurdo (Allen & Co.); *Scientific Papers of Thomas Andrews, M.D.*, with a Memoir by Messrs. P. G. Tait and A. Crum Brown (Macmillan); Vol. IX. of *Historical Collections*, edited by the William Salt Archaeological Society (Harrison); Dr. W. T. Knight's *Algebraic Factors*, enlarged edition (Blackie); *A Handy Book of the Medicine Stamp Duty*, by E. N. Alpes, a valuable little guide (Chemist and Druggist Office); *The Local Government Act, 1888*, by R. Denny Urrin, F.S.S. (Effingham Wilson); *The Local Government Act, 1888*, by W. H. Holdsworth, a sound expository handbook (Routledge); *The Theory of Perspective*, two lectures by Frederick Harris (Relfe); the *Epistle to the Philippians*, edited by H. C. G. Moule, M.A., part of the "Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges" (Cambridge: University Press); a second edition of the *Trustees' Guide to Investments, with the Act of 1888*, by A. L. Ellis (Reeves & Turner); a second edition of Mr. F. W. Levander's *Matriculation Questions on English Language* (H. K. Lewis); and *Alternative Elementary Chemistry*, by John Mills (Sampson Low & Co.)

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